

# Newport Mercury

WHOLE NUMBER 9129

NEWPORT, R. I., JULY 29, 1922

VOLUME CLXV—NO. 8

## The Mercury

PUBLISHED BY

The MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.

JOHN P. SANBORN } Editors

A. H. SANBORN }

Mercury Building

122 THAMES STREET

NEWPORT, R. I.

Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Newport, R. I., under the Act of March 3d, 1879.

Established June, 1798, and is now in its one hundred and sixty-fifth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected, generally and valuable, farmers and household articles. Being so many households in this and other States, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

Terms: \$2.00 a year in advance. Single copies, in wrappers, 5 cents. Extra copies can always be obtained at office of publication.

Specimen copies sent free and special terms given to advertisers by addressing the publishers.

## Local Matters

### BOARD OF ALDERMEN

At the weekly meeting of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening a favorable report was received from a special committee that had been considering the advisability of roping off Washington Square for the block party on the evening of Fleet Day. The board voted to have this done. The roadway will also be put into condition for dancing by the highway department.

Bids were opened for a bond issue of \$144,000 and many bankers submitted proposals. Estabrook & Eaton were the highest bidders and received the award at 101.28. This is the best price that has been received for some time.

The controversy regarding the placing of a pole on Atlantic street was settled by changing the location a few feet, and then the abutting property owner removed his objection.

A complaint was received regarding the openings in catch basins and was referred to Aldermen Williams and Hanley. It appeared that a two-year-old child rolled partly into an opening on Berkeley avenue a short time ago, and was rescued by two young men who were passing. The father made the complaint to the city, suggesting that some form of guard rail be installed to protect young children.

A large amount of routine business was transacted.

Just as the old popular Boston excursions had been restored, after several years of effort, the railroad strike has resulted in their curtailment. One excursion was run to Newport, bringing a large number of visitors. Another was scheduled for this week, but at the last moment the Company felt that it had to curtail the use of their rolling stock because of the shopmen's strike, and the excursion was called off. Some of the Newport taxi-drivers had not heard of the change of plan and a number of vehicles assembled at the railroad station to handle the traffic that was expected. They were greatly disappointed.

The Newport County Agriculturalists, whose annual fair takes place on the Society's grounds in Portsmouth September 19, 20, 21 and 22, are making big efforts to have this the biggest and best exhibition every held by the Society. The President of the Association, Mr. A. Lincoln Sherman, is a live wire. Under his management this fair has grown steadily year by year since the start; till now it has become to be one of the biggest fairs of the state. The Secretary is James R. Chase, 2d, of Newport, another good worker.

We mentioned last week the visits of Presidents Hayes and Arthur to Newport and the entertainments in their honor. On July 5, 1889, President Harrison visited Newport, and after a public reception at the State House, dined at Maycroft, on Bellevue avenue, as guest of Governor Ladd. On August 3, same year, ex-President Cleveland spent four days here as the guest of C. C. Baldwin on Bellevue and Narragansett avenues.

The old Granite State, formerly the frigate New Hampshire, was destroyed by fire this week, while being towed from New York to Eastport, Maine, to be broken up. The old New Hampshire was known to thousands of men in the service who had passed over her deck while she was the Station ship at the Naval Training Station here. For many years she was a landmark in Newport harbor.

### FLEET DAY PLANS

The Atlantic fleet will be in Newport Harbor from August 7 to August 20, and preparations are being made to entertain the officers and men while here. The personnel will be quite large, considering the crews on all the large and small vessels and auxiliaries, but the number of battleships will not be very large. However, the destroyers, submarines, flying ships, and others will go to make up a sizable fleet.

The committee on Fleet Day, which will be August 16, are holding weekly meetings, and are making good progress with the plans for the day. It is expected that the decorations on Washington Square and Thames street will be very elaborate, especially in the evening, when special illuminating features will be used. An engineer from the General Electric Company is now working out the plans for this feature, under the direction of Superintendent Gosling of the local plant, and it is expected that specifications will be ready for the meeting next Monday evening.

The block party on Washington Square will be the feature of the evening, the entire square being roped off for dancing. It is expected that over 1000 young women will be available for dancing partners, under the direction of a large number of matrons.

Plans for the cutter races in the harbor are coming along well, and a large number of entries are assured. Permission has been given for the use of navy cutters, and the local crews will use these as well as the crews from the various ships.

There will doubtless be many excursions here during the day, even though the railroad situation is rather chaotic. In any event, steamers, trolleys, and autos will bring large numbers of visitors from away.

On August 11th the delegates to the national convention of the Oriental Order of Humility and Perfection, which will be in session in Providence, will visit Newport and will have dinner at the Beach. A large attendance is expected. This organization is the playground of the Odd Fellows and while rather young has a large membership. The Rhode Island organization visited Newport some weeks ago and staged an imposing parade here, the distinctive feature being the fezes of the members. The convention in Providence will last for several days, and one day will be devoted to Newport.

Two houses on Oakwood Terrace, one belonging to the estate of Admiral Chadwick and the other to the estate of George Gordon King, have been broken into within a few days, the indications being that the break occurred last Saturday night. As far as can be told nothing of any particular value was taken from either place, and the police are inclined to think that it was the work of boys. Entrance was secured by the breaking of glass in the windows and then turning of the catch.

The members of the New England Street Railway Club came to Newport on their annual outing on Thursday, and enjoyed dinner at the Beach, followed by a program of sports. There were many ladies in the party and they were looked after by a local committee who saw that they received every attention. Mr. Edward A. Brown headed the general committee of arrangements, and Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Edward P. Gosling were in charge of the ladies. Congressman Clark Burdick was one of the speakers at the dinner.

Although the actual details are being kept secret for a while, announcement is made that a new industry is considering a location in Newport. An interested party has conferred with Mayor Mahoney in regard to a conference and Friday night was selected as the date. A meeting of the industrial committee of the Chamber of Commerce, the Mayor and Board of Aldermen was called to meet in the Council Chamber, when the representatives of the New York concern were to talk the matter over.

There was a narrow escape from drowning off the Ann street pier Wednesday morning, when Willie Collins, ten years old, got beyond his depth. His predicament was critical, when Walter Smith, an older boy, plunged in with all his clothes on, and brought him to the pier.

Several hundred members of Azab Grotto of Fall River are expected to be in Newport on Saturday afternoon, coming through by automobiles. After a run about the Ocean Drive and other places of interest they will go to the Beach for a shore dinner.

### FOR BETTER TRAIN SERVICE

A special meeting of the Newport Improvement Association was held on Tuesday at the rooms of the Newport Historical Society for the purpose of considering a number of matters. Mrs. Paul FitzSimons tendered her resignation as president, because of her frequent visits to Newport. It was understood that Mr. John Thompson Spencer, vice president, would serve until the annual meeting in August.

One of the most important matters was the adoption of a resolution asking for improved train and boat service between New York and Newport by way of Wickford. After citing the present running schedule between New York and Newport, the resolution continues:

Now, Therefore, Be it Resolved, that the Newport Improvement Association will be most willing to cooperate with the Mayor and Board of Aldermen and the Chambers of Commerce of Newport, Jamestown and Narragansett Pier in presenting the foregoing facts and conclusions to the attention of the officials of the New Haven railroad, with the object of convincing them of the great value of the ocean shore, between Watch Hill and Newport, because of its wonderful summer climate and unequalled ocean bathing, and that the New Haven railroad be requested to run during the summer a "Seashore and Narragansett Bay Special", making the first stop after leaving New York at New Haven, necessary for change of motive power; second stop at Westerly and third stop at Kingston.

Plans for the cutter races in the harbor are coming along well, and a large number of entries are assured. Permission has been given for the use of navy cutters, and the local crews will use these as well as the crews from the various ships.

Such a train should leave New York daily at either 3:30 or 4:00 p. m. (daylight saving time) and land its passengers at these three famous summer resorts in time for dinner. Connection at Kingston should be made with the branch train to Narragansett Pier and also with another train of one or more cars following the express over the main line, for the short distance from Kingston to Wickford Junction, and then continuing, without stopping, over the branch line to Wickford Landing. A fast passenger boat should be put on from Wickford Landing to Newport and through the combined saving of time the journey from New York to Newport could be made in about four and one-half hours (or, even less if a very fast boat is used) instead of taking six hours as at present, and by so doing build up these wonderful seashore resorts with their unequalled summer climate and ocean bathing and increase the travel to them for the great benefit of the New Haven railroad, and of these places.

### COAL SHORTAGE FELT

Although it will be some time before furnace fires are started, property owners in this city are beginning to feel the pinch of the coal strike. Some of the yards find that all their available supply is contracted for, and none of them are taking orders except for the regular customers. There is more of the smaller sizes of coal available than of the larger, but taking all together there is not a great supply in the local yards. None of the dealers will venture a prophecy as to when another supply will be received.

Recruits are still coming in to the Naval Training Station here, and the men can be seen out on the Grinder daily for their drills. Orders have been issued to transfer many regular navy men here to build up the ship's company and the personnel of the Station is increasing daily. A new detail of Marines has also arrived this week to be added to the Marine guard at the Torpedo Station.

Rev. Henry N. Jeter, D. D., and Mrs. Jeter have returned from a trip to the Pacific Coast, having been away from Newport for several months. Dr. Jeter spoke to thousands of persons, white and colored, in the interests of the Humane and Reform Association, and received much encouragement. The work is being taken up by clergymen and others in all parts of the West.

Members of the Fall River police department came to Newport on Monday for their annual outing. They were driven about the principal points of interest, stopping at the Newport Casino, and then went to the Beach, where various sports were enjoyed in connection with men from the Newport department.

There was a serious accident on Bath Road hill last Saturday afternoon, when a trolley car struck the auto of Herman Leroy Jones. A passenger on the running board of the trolley was thrown to the ground and considerably injured. There was an argument between the motorman and the owner of the car as to the cause of the accident.

Miss-Harriet E. Thomas has sent an open letter to the Chairman of the Penal and Charitable Commission of Rhode Island, condemning the appointment of Mr. Lowe as director of the State Institutions.

### GRACE C. MCLEISH

Miss Grace C. McLeish, a daughter of the late James C. McLeish, and the proprietor of an important jewelry store on Thames street, died at the Newport Hospital on Thursday after having been in a serious condition for only a few days. She had been in rather poor health for several weeks, but had continued at her business until last Saturday. Since then she had failed rapidly, and was taken to the Newport Hospital for treatment on Wednesday. She lapsed into unconsciousness and passed away Thursday afternoon.

Miss McLeish learned the jewelry business in the former Herrmann store on Thames street, and after many years of service there she opened a store of her own in 1911. From the first she was successful and had built up a large patronage. She was a thorough business woman and had a wide circle of friends.

A member of a stalwart Republican family, she early took an interest in political affairs, and long before the ballot was given to women she was of material assistance to the Republican party. She was active in the work of organizing the women after the passage of the Suffrage amendment, and was always ready to lend her assistance to the cause.

Miss McLeish was long an active member of Aquidneck Chapter, No. 7, Order of the Eastern Star, of which she was a Past Matron. She was a willing worker and had served on important committees in the Order. The members of the Chapter will attend the funeral service on Saturday afternoon.

She is survived by her mother, two brothers and three sisters.

### SALES OF SUMMER PROPERTY

Commodore Arthur Curtiss James and Mr. James S. Cushman have each purchased considerable tracts of unimproved land near their other properties in the Ocean Avenue section, presumably to be added to their other holdings, which at the same time give them larger estates and prevent the erection of undesirable buildings in the neighborhood. Considerable amounts of money are involved in the purchases.

There are persistent rumors that the Theodore M. Davis estate on the extreme tip of Brenton's Point has been sold, although the purchaser has not been named. This is a very valuable property, containing a large amount of land as well as a splendid residence and other buildings. The late Theodore M. Davis, the distinguished Egyptologist, occupied it frequently during the summer and after his death it was sometimes opened by Mrs. E. H. Andrews. It is known that there are several persons who are spending the summer here this year who are in the market for good residential property, among them being Mrs. Robert Ogden Bacon of New York. It would not be surprising if several of the large residences changed hands before the opening of another season.

### THE THEATRICAL SITUATION

The movie business in Newport is still in an unsettled condition. There is little likelihood of the Opera House being re-opened in the near future, not only because of lack of demand, but also because the expense would be very large, many radical changes being required before it could be used. There is a possibility that the Colonial may be opened during Fleet Week, provided that it seems necessary to accommodate the demand.

The affairs of the syndicate that controls the local houses are still somewhat tangled. Securities that were said to carry control of the syndicate were recently offered at auction by Massachusetts Bank Commissioners, but without satisfactory results and negotiations are now under way to find a private purchaser. It is doubtful if there will be any radical developments on the local end, until the question of ultimate control of the syndicate is finally settled.

A committee from the employees of the Torpedo Station has been in Washington this week in an effort to secure a rescinding of the orders to retire Chief Master Mechanic John J. Moore. Mr. Moore some time ago passed the age limit for active duty, but his time was extended for two years. Now an effort is being made to secure a further extension. Mr. Moore has been in charge of the mechanical work at the Station for many years and is thoroughly familiar with every detail.

The shore resorts would like to have a few pleasant Sundays before the season ends. Last Sunday was very disagreeable and threatening and kept many visitors away from New port.

### PORTSMOUTH.

(From our regular correspondent)

#### Building Activities

The addition which has been under construction at the store of Mr. Ward Elliott has been completed. This makes the store an up-to-date, airy shop.

A new cottage is to be erected on the Vaucluse Farm belonging to Mr. Barclay Hazard, and occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Barclay H. Gifford. The cottage will be constructed by Mr. J. Pickham and will be on the drive about half way from the entrance of this farm to the present house. The old house is a typical Colonial structure with large columns on the front, but has become unsafe for the most part, and a large part has fallen to decay.

An automobile party has been camping out in the field just north of the new store of Mrs. Isaac Gray.

Mrs. Clarence Lunan, who has been at the Newport Hospital where she underwent an operation for appendicitis, is now visiting her sister, Mrs. Harrison Manchester of Newport, before returning to her home here.

Miss Florence Rose, chief telephone operator, who has been spending a two weeks' vacation in New Hampshire, has returned to her home.

The annual camp meeting will hold its thirty-second camp meeting at the Portsmouth camp grounds. The meetings will be opened on July 28 and continue through August 13. The new tabernacle which is being erected is under the direction of an East Providence contractor. The principal speakers at the camp will be Rev. Arthur Hodgins of Pasadena, Cal., and Rev. John Matthews of Olive, Ill. They will be assisted by the Aeolian Vocal Quartette of Chicago. The present officers of the Association are:

President—Rev. Seth Keese.  
1st Vice President—R. B. Deware.  
2nd Vice President—E. G. Macomber.

Secretary—Rev. T. W. Delong.  
Treasurer—R. C. Tarr.

The annual board meeting will be held on August 3 for the election of new officers and on August 6 special services will be held for the dedication of the tabernacle.

The Women's Christian Union held a meeting recently with Mrs. George Sherman. By invitation of the Newport Union in a basket picnic at the Newport Beach on Thursday.

"Jack and Jill's Wedding" will be given by the children at the Garden Party of the Methodist Episcopal Church on August 2.

Rev. Joseph B. Ackley went to Portland, Conn., on Monday to conduct a funeral.

Rev. Reginald Pearce of Framingham, Mass., preached at St. Paul's Church on Sunday morning. Rev. Mr. Pearce is well known here, being the son of the late Rev. and Mrs. John Matthews, who resided here for many years, as Rev. Mr. Pearce was the rector of St. Paul's Church.

Mr. Frederick Greene of Fall River has bought the estate of Mrs. Letitia Freeborn on Water street, which was recently sold at auction.

Mrs. T. H. Griffin and Mrs. Christian Dunham have returned to their home in Nantucket after a visit with Rev. and Mrs. Joseph B. Ackley. Rev. and Mrs. Ackley were transferred from the church at Nantucket to the Methodist Episcopal Church in this town.

Miss Margaret Parker, who has been spending a week of her vacation in New York and the second week with her sister, Mrs. James Hervey Handy, has returned to Fall River, where she is training for a nurse at the City Hospital.

Mrs. John Brown and her daughter, Ruth Dean Brown, of Washington, who have been making an extended visit with Mr. Brown's father, Mr. George A. Brown, have gone to Middletown, where they are now guests of Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Smith.

Miss Lettie May Borden, who has been at the Newport Hospital for the past three weeks, has returned to her home. She was operated upon for appendicitis while at the Hospital.

The Sunday School of the Methodist Episcopal Church went to Lincoln Park on Tuesday for its annual picnic. A picnic lunch was served at noon on long tables set in the grove. Games were played and the sports of the Park were patronized. About seventy-five persons attended the picnic.

A flock of 90 hens belonging to Miss Mary M. Wilbur was given fourth place in the Rhode Island home egg-laying contest for June. Her flock averaged 16.22 eggs each.

Mr. Charles S. Plummer has been confined to his home by illness.

Mr. and Mrs. William Allen are receiving congratulations upon the birth of a son at the Newport Hospital.

Mrs. H. Manton Chase entertained the G. T. Club of St. Mary's parish on Monday evening.

Mrs. Walter L. Cook and five children, of Adamsville, have been spending the week with Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Chase.

# The CROSS-CUT

by Courtney Ryley Cooper

ILLUSTRATIONS  
by R.B. Van Nise

Copyright by  
LITTLE, BROWN & CO.

CHAPTER I.

It was over. The rambling house, with its rickety, old-fashioned furniture—and its memories—was now deserted, except for Robert Fairchild, and he was deserted within it, wandering from room to room staring at familiar objects with the unfamiliar gaze of one whose vision suddenly has been warped by the visitation of death and the sense of loneliness that it brings.

Loneliness, rather than grief, for it had been Robert Fairchild's promise that he would not suffer in heart for one who had longed to go into a peace for which he had waited, seemingly in vain. Year after year, Thornton Fairchild had sat in the big armchair by the windows, watching the days grow old and fade into night, studying sunset after sunset, voicing the vain hope that the gloaming might bring the twilight of his own existence—a silent man except for this, rarely speaking of the past, never gazing to the son who worked for him, cared for him, worshipped him, the slightest inkling of what might have happened in the dim days of the long ago to transform him into a beaten thing, longing for the final succor. And when the end came, it found him in readiness, waiting in the big armchair by the windows. Even now, a book lay on the frayed carpeting of the old room, where it had fallen from relaxing fingers. Robert Fairchild picked it up, and with a sigh restored it to the grim, tamed oak case. His days of petty sacrifices that his father might while away the weary hours with reading were over.

What had been the past? Why the silence? Why the patient, yet impatient wait for death? The son did not know. In all his memories was only one faint picture, painted years before in babyhood: the return of his father from some place, he knew not where, a long conference with his mother behind closed doors, while he, in childlike curiosity, waited without, seeking in vain to catch some explanation. Then a sad-faced woman who cried at night when the house was still, who faded and who died. That was all. The picture carried no explanation.

And now Robert Fairchild stood on the threshold of something he almost feared to learn. Once, on a black, stormy night, they had sat together, father and son before the fire, silent for hours. Then the hand of the white-haired man had reached outward and rested for a moment on the young man's knee.

"I wrote something to you, boy, a day or so ago," he had said. "That little illness I had prompted me to do it. I thought it was only fair to you. After I'm gone, look in the safe. You'll find the combination on a piece of paper hidden in a hole cut in that old European history in the bookcase. I have your promise, I know—that you'll not do it until after I'm gone."

Now Thornton Fairchild was gone. But a message had remained behind; one which the patient lips evidently had feared to utter during life. The heart of the son began to pound, slow and hard, as with the memory of that conversation, he turned toward the bookcase and unlatched the paneled door. A moment more and the hollowed history had given up its trust, a bit of paper scratched with numbers. Robert Fairchild turned toward the stairs and the small room on the second floor which had served as his father's bedroom.

There he hesitated before the little iron safe in the corner, summoning the courage to unlock the doors of a dead man's past.

The safe had not been opened in years; that was evident from the creaking of the plungers as they fell, the gummy resistance of the knob as Fairchild turned it in accordance with the directions on the paper. Finally, a great wrench, and the bolt was drawn grudgingly back; a strong pull, and the safe opened.

Fairchild crouched for a moment, staring, before he reached for the thinnest of two envelopes which lay before him. A moment later he straightened and turned toward the light. A crinkling of paper, a quick-drawn sigh between clenched teeth; it was a letter; his strange, quiet, hunted-appearing father was talking to him through the medium of ink and paper, after death. He read:

"My Son:

"Before I begin this letter to you I must ask that you take no action whatever until you have seen my attorney—he will be yours from now on. I have never mentioned him to you before; it was not necessary and would only have brought you curiosity which I could not have satisfied. But now, I am afraid, the doors must be unlocked. I am gone. You are young, you have been a faithful son and you are deserving of every good fortune that may possibly come to you. I am praying that the years have made a difference, and that Fortune may smile upon you as she crowned on me. Certainly, she can injure me no longer. My race is run; I am beyond earthly fortunes."

"Therefore, when you have finished with this, take the deeds inclosed in the larger envelope and go to St.

Fairchild had worked was rightfully his, forever. Fairchild reached for the axe-yellowed envelope to return the papers to their resting place. But he checked his motion involuntarily and for a moment held the envelope before him, staring at it with wide eyes. Then, as though to free by the stronger light of the window the haunting thing which faced him, he rose and hurried across the room, to better light, only to find it had not been imagination; the words still were before him, a sentence written in faint, faded ink proclaiming the contents to be "Papers Relating to the Blue Poppy Mine," and written across this a word in the bolder, harsher strokes of a man under stress of emotion, a word which held the eyes of Robert Fairchild fixed and staring, a word which spelled books of the past and all threats of the future, the single, ominous word:

"ACCURSED!"

CHAPTER II.

In spite of all that oracles could foretell, in spite of the dull, gloomy life which had done its best to fashion a matter-of-fact brain for Robert Fairchild, one sentence in that letter had found an echo, had started a pulsing something within him that he never before had known:

"It is the blood of an adventurer." And it seemed that Robert Fairchild needed no more than the knowledge to feel the tingle of it; the old house suddenly became stuffy and prisonlike as he wandered through it. Again and again pounded through his head the fact that only a night of travel intervened between Indianapolis and St. Louis; within twelve hours he could be in the office of Henry Beamish. And then—

A hurried resolution. A hasty packing of a traveling bag and the cashing of a check at the cigar store down on the corner. A wakeful night while the trap clattered along upon its journey. At last:

"I'm Robert Fairchild," he said, as he faced a white-haired, Cupid-faced man in the rather dingy offices in the Princess building. A slow smile spread over the pudgy features of the genial-looking attorney, and he waved a fat hand toward the office's extra chair.

"Sit down, son," came easily. "Needn't have announced yourself. I'd have known you—just like your father, boy. How is he?" Then his face suddenly sobered. "I'm afraid your presence is the answer. Am I right?"

Fairchild nodded gravely. The old attorney stared out of the window to the grimy roof and signboards of the next building.

"Perhaps it's better so," he said at last. "Did he get any cheerier before he went?"

"No. Afraid of every step on the veranda, of every knock at the door."

Again the attorney stared out of the window.

"And you? Are you afraid?"

"Of what?"

The lawyer smiled.

"I don't know. Only—" and he leaned forward—"it's just as though I were living my younger days over again this morning. It doesn't seem any time at all since your father was sitting just about where you are now, and said, 'Boy, how much you look like he looked that morning! The same gray-blue eyes, the same dark hair, the same strong shoulders, and good, manly chin, the same build—and look of determination about him.' The call of adventure was in his blood, and he sat there all enthusiastic, telling me what he intended doing and asking my advice—although he wouldn't have followed it if I had given it. Back home was a baby and the woman he loved, and out West was sudden wealth, waiting for the right man to come along and find it. God!" White-haired old Beamish chuckled with the memory of it. "Then four years later, the tone changed suddenly, 'he came back.'"

"What then?" Fairchild was on the edge of his chair. But Beamish only spread his hands.

"Truthfully, boy, I don't know. I have guessed—but I won't tell you what. All I know is that your father found what he was looking for and was on the point of achieving his every dream, when something happened. Then three men simply disappeared from the mining camp, announcing that they had failed and were going to hunt new diggings. That was all. One of them was your father."

"But you said that he'd found—"

"Silver, running twenty ounces to the ton on an eight-inch vein which gave evidences of being only the beginning of a bonanza! I know, because he had written me that, a month before."

"And he abandoned it?"

"He'd forgotten what he had written when I saw him again. I didn't question him. He went home then, after giving me enough money to pay the taxes on the mine for the next twenty years, simply as his attorney and without divulging his whereabouts. I did it. Eight years or so later I saw him in Indianapolis. He gave me more money—enough for eleven or twelve years."

"And that was ten years ago?" Robert Fairchild's eyes were reminiscent. "I remember—I was only a kid. He sold off everything he had, except the house."

Henry Beamish walked to his safe and fumbled there a moment, to return at last with a few slips of paper.

"Here's the answer," he said quietly, "the taxes are paid until 1922."

Robert Fairchild studied the receipts carefully—futilely. They told him nothing. The lawyer stood looking down upon him; at last he laid a hand on his shoulder.

"Boy," came quickly, "I know just about what you're thinking. I've spent a few hours at the same kind of a job myself, and I've called old Henry Beamish more kinds of a fool than you can think of for not coming right out flat-footed and making Thornton tell me the whole story. But some way when I'd look into those eyes with them they were all dead and ashen within them."

and see the lines of an old man in his young face; I just couldn't do it."

"So you can tell me nothing?"

"I'm afraid that's true—in one way. In another I'm a fund of information. Tonight you and I will go to Indians and probate the will—it's simple enough; I've had it in my safe for ten years. After that, you become the owner of the Blue Poppy mine, to do with as you choose."

"But—"

"Don't ask my advice, boy. I haven't any. Your father told me what to do if you decided to try your luck—and silver's at \$1.20. It means a lot of money for anybody who can produce pay ore—unless what he said about the mine pinching out was true."

Again the thrill of a new thing went through Robert Fairchild's veins, something he never had felt until twelve hours before; again the urge for strange places, new scenes, the fire of the hunt after the hidden wealth of silver-seamed hills. Robert Fairchild's life had been a plodding thing of books and accounts, of high desks which as yet had failed to stoop his shoulders, of stuffy offices which had been thwarted so far in their grip at his lung power; the long walk in the morning and the tired trudge homeward at night. But the recoil had not exerted itself against an office-cramped brain, a dusty ledger-filled life that suddenly felt itself crying out for the free, open country, without hardly knowing what the term meant. Old Beamish caught the light in the eyes, the quick contraction of the hands, and smiled.

"You don't need to tell me, son," he said slowly. "I can see the symptoms. You've got the fever—you're going back to work that same. Perhaps," and he shrugged his shoulders, "it's just as well. But there are certain things to remember."

"Name them."

"Ohadi is thirty-eight miles from Denver. That's your goal. Out there, they'll tell you how the mine caved in, and how Thornton Fairchild, who had worked it, together with his two men, Harry Harkins, a Cornishman, and Sissie Larsen, Swede, left town late one night for Cripple Creek—and that they never came back. That's the story they'll tell you. Agree with it. Tell them that Harkins, as far as you know, went back to Cornwall, and that you have heard vaguely that Larsen later followed the mining game farther west."

"Is it the truth?"

"How do I know? It's good enough—people shouldn't ask questions. Tell nothing more than that—and be careful of your friends. There is one man to watch—if he is still alive. They call him 'Squint' Rodaine, and he is."

Fairchild nodded gravely. The old attorney stared out of the window to the grimy roof and signboards of the next building.

"Perhaps it's better so," he said at last. "Did he get any cheerier before he went?"

"No. Afraid of every step on the veranda, of every knock at the door."

Again the attorney stared out of the window.

"And you? Are you afraid?"

"Of what?"

The lawyer smiled.

"I don't know. Only—" and he leaned forward—"it's just as though I were living my younger days over again this morning. It doesn't seem any time at all since your father was sitting just about where you are now, and said, 'Boy, how much you look like he looked that morning! The same gray-blue eyes, the same dark hair, the same strong shoulders, and good, manly chin, the same build—and look of determination about him.' The call of adventure was in his blood, and he sat there all enthusiastic, telling me what he intended doing and asking my advice—although he wouldn't have followed it if I had given it. Back home was a baby and the woman he loved, and out West was sudden wealth, waiting for the right man to come along and find it. God!" White-haired old Beamish chuckled with the memory of it. "Then four years later, the tone changed suddenly, 'he came back.'"

"What then?" Fairchild was on the edge of his chair. But Beamish only spread his hands.

"Truthfully, boy, I don't know. I have guessed—but I won't tell you what. All I know is that your father found what he was looking for and was on the point of achieving his every dream, when something happened. Then three men simply disappeared from the mining camp, announcing that they had failed and were going to hunt new diggings. That was all. One of them was your father."

"But you said that he'd found—"

"Silver, running twenty ounces to the ton on an eight-inch vein which gave evidences of being only the beginning of a bonanza! I know, because he had written me that, a month before."

"And he abandoned it?"

"He'd forgotten what he had written when I saw him again. I didn't question him. He went home then, after giving me enough money to pay the taxes on the mine for the next twenty years, simply as his attorney and without divulging his whereabouts. I did it. Eight years or so later I saw him in Indianapolis. He gave me more money—enough for eleven or twelve years."

"And that was ten years ago?" Robert Fairchild's eyes were reminiscent.

"I remember—I was only a kid. He sold off everything he had, except the house."

Henry Beamish walked to his safe and fumbled there a moment, to return at last with a few slips of paper.

"Here's the answer," he said quietly, "the taxes are paid until 1922."

Robert Fairchild studied the receipts carefully—futilely. They told him nothing. The lawyer stood looking down upon him; at last he laid a hand on his shoulder.

"Boy," came quickly, "I know just about what you're thinking. I've spent a few hours at the same kind of a job myself, and I've called old Henry Beamish more kinds of a fool than you can think of for not coming right out flat-footed and making Thornton tell me the whole story. But some way when I'd look into those eyes with them they were all dead and ashen within them."

"Call a messenger, please," he ordered when she entered, "I want to send a telegram."

CHAPTER III

Three weeks later, Robert Fairchild sat in the smoking compartment of the Overland Limited, looking at the Rocky mountains in the distance. In his pocket were a few hundred dollars; in the bank in Indianapolis a few thousand, representing the final proceeds of the sale of everything that had connected him with a rather ancient electric button for his more ancient stenographer.

"Call a messenger, please," he ordered when she entered, "I want to send a telegram."

CHAPTER IV

Wonderment which got nowhere

now—back into the rumpled mountains where the blue haze hung low and protecting as though over mysteries and treasures which awaited one man and one alone. It thrilled Fairchild; it caused his heart to tug and pull—not could be told exactly why.

The hills came closer. Still closer; then, when it seemed that the train must plunge straight into them, they drew away again, as though through some optical illusion, and brooded in the background, as the long, transcontinental train began to bang over the frogs and switches as it made its entrance into Denver. Fairchild went through the long chute and to the ticket window.

"When can I get a train for Ohadi?"

The ticket seller smiled. "You can't get one."

"But the map shows that a railroad runs there."

"Run there, you mean?" chatted the clerk. "The best you can do is to get to Forks Creek and walk the rest of the way. That's a narrow-gauge line, and Clear creek's been on a rampage. It took out about two hundred feet of trestle, and there won't be a train into Ohadi for a week. Stranger out here?"

"Very much of one."

"In a hurry to get to Ohadi?"

"Yes."

"Then you can go uptown and hire a taxi—they've got big cars for mountain work and there are good roads all the way. It'll cost fifteen or twenty dollars. Or—"

Fairchild smiled. "Give me the other system if you've got one. I'm not terribly long on cash—for taxes."

"Certainly. No use spending that money if you've got a little pep. And it isn't a matter of life or death. Go up to the Central loop—anybody can direct you—and catch a street car for Golden. That eats up fifteen miles and leaves just twenty-three miles more. Then ask somebody to point out the road over Mount Lookout. Machines go along there every few minutes—no trouble at all to catch a ride. You'll be in Ohadi in no time."

Fairchild obeyed the instructions, and in the baggage room rechecked his trunk to follow him, lightening his traveling bag at the same time until it carried only necessities. A luncheon, then the street-car. Three quarters of an hour later, he began the five-mile trudge up the broad, smooth, carefully groomed automobile highway which masters Mount Lookout. A rumbling sound behind him, then he stepped to one side; a grubby truck driver leaned out to shout as he passed:

"Want a lift? Hop on! Can't stop—too much grade!"

A running leap, and Fairchild seated himself on the tailboard of the truck, swinging his legs and looking out over the failing plains as the truck roared and clattered upward along the twisting mountain road.

Upward, still upward! The town below became merely a checkerboard thing, the lake a dot of gleaming silver, the stream a scintillating ribbon stretching off into the foothills. A turn, and they skirted a tremendous valley, its slopes falling away in sheer descents from the roadway. A darkened, moist stretch of road, fringed by pines, then a jogging journey over rolling table-land. At last came a voice from the driver's seat.

Newport & Providence  
Street Ry Co.

Cars Leave Washington Square for Providence  
WEEK DAYS—6:50, 7:40, 8:50 A.M., then each hour to 8:50 P.M.  
SUNDAYS—7:50 A.M., then each hour to 9:50 P.M.

## THE CROSS-CUT

Continued from Page 2  
and Fairchild his, still wondering, And so thoroughly did the incident engross him that it was not until a truck had come to a full stop behind him, and a driver mingled a shout with the tooting of his horn, that he turned to allow its passage.

" Didn't hear you, old man," he apologized. " Could you give a fellow a lift?"

" Guess so." It was friendly, even though a bit disgruntled; "hop on."

And Fairchild hopped, once more to sit on the tailboard, swinging his legs, but this time his eyes saw the ever-changing scenery without noticing it.

In spite of himself, Fairchild found himself constantly staring at a vision of a pretty girl in a riding habit, with dark-brown hair straying about equally dark-brown eyes, almost frenzied in her efforts to change a tire in time to elude a pursuing sheriff. Some way, it all didn't blend. If she hadn't committed some sort of depredation against the law, why on earth was she willing to part with ten dollars, merely to save a few moments in changing a tire and thus elude a sheriff? If there had been nothing wrong, could not a moment of explanation have satisfied anyone of the fact?

It was too much for anyone, and Fairchild knew it. Yet he clung grimly to the mystery as the truck clattered on, mile after mile. A small town gradually was coming into view. A mile more, then the truck stopped with a jerk.

" Where you bound for, pardner?"

" Ohad!"

" That's it, straight ahead. I turn off here. Miner!"

Fairchild shrugged his shoulders and nodded noncommittally.

" Just thought I'd ask. Plenty of work around here for single and double jockers. Things are beginning to look up a bit—at least in silver."

" Thanks. Do you know a good place to stop?"

" Yeh. Mother Howard's boarding house. Everybody goes there, sooner or later. You'll see it on the left-hand side of the street before you get to the main block. Good old girl; knows how to treat anybody in the mining game from operators on down. She was here when mining was mining!"

Fairchild lifted his bag from the rear of the vehicle, waved a farewell to the driver and started into the village. And then the vision of the girl departed, momentarily, to give place to other thoughts, other pictures, of a day long gone.

The sun was slanting low, throwing deep shadows from the hills into the little valley with its chattering, milk-white stream, softening the scars of the mountains with their great refuse dumps; reminders of hopes of twenty years before and its bare of vegetation as in the days when the pick and drill of the prospector tore the rock loose from its hiding place under the surface of the ground. The scrub pines of the almost barren mountains took on a buffer, softer tone; the jutting rocks melted away into their own shadows; it was a picture of peace and of memories.

And it had been here that Thornton Fairchild, back in the nineties, had dreamed his dreams and fought his fight. A sudden crumpling caught the son's heart, and it pounded with something akin to fear. The old foreboding of his father's letter had come upon him, the mysterious thread of that elusive, intangible thing great enough to break the will and resistance of a strong man and turn him into a weakling—stent, white-haired—sitting by a window, waiting for death. What had it been? Why had it come upon his father? How could it be fought? He brushed away the beads of perspiration with a gesture almost of anger then with a look of relief, turned in at a small white gate toward a big, rambling building which proclaimed itself, by the sign on the door, to be Mother Howard's boarding house.

A moment of waiting, then he faced a gray-haired, kindly faced woman, who stared at him with wide-open eyes as she stood, hands on hips, before him.

" Don't you tell me I don't know you! If you ain't a Fairchild, I'll never feed another miner corned beef and cabbage as long as I live. Ain't you, now?" she persisted, "ain't you a Fairchild?"

The man laughed in spite of himself. " You guessed it."

" You're Thornton Fairchild's boy!" She had reached out for his handbag, and then, bursting about him, drew him into the big "parlor." " Didn't I know you the minute I saw you? Land, you're the picture of your dad! Sakes alive, how is he?"

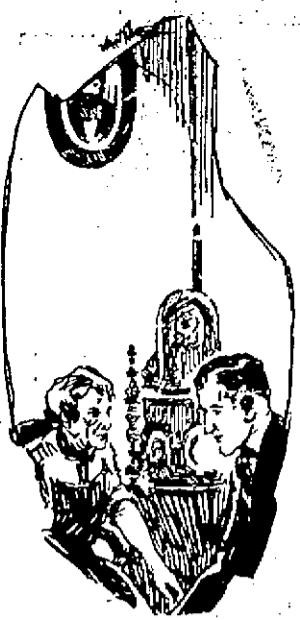
There was a moment of silence. Fairchild found himself suddenly halting and boyish as he stood before her.

" He's—he's gone, Mrs. Howard."

" Dead?" She put up both hands. " It don't seem possible. And me remembering him looking just like you, full of life and strong and—"

" Our pictures of him are a good deal different. I—guess you know him when everything was all right for him. Things were different after he got home again."

Mother Howard looked quickly



"He's—he's gone, Mrs. Howard."

what's more, if you happen to get into communication with Blinney Bozeman and Taylor Bill, he's your head off. Maybe you saw 'em, a sandy-haired fellow and a big man with a black mustache, sitting at the back of the room?" Fairchild nodded. " Well, stay away from them. They belong to 'Squint' Rodaline. Know him?"

She shot the question sharply. Again Fairchild nodded.

" I've heard the name. Who is he?" A voice called to Mother Howard from the dining room. She turned away, then leaned close to Robert Fairchild. " He's a miner, and he's always been a miner. Right now, he's mixed up with some of the biggest people in town. He's always been a man to be afraid of—and he was your father's worst enemy!"

Then, leaving Fairchild staring after her, she moved on to her duties in the kitchen.

## OPPOSED CREAM IN COFFEE

Frenchman, a Century Ago, Ascribed All Sorts of Human Ills to the Custom.

Arsene Thiebaud de Berneaud, librarian a century ago to the Bibliothèque Mazarin, Paris, opposed with fervor the then comparatively new custom of adding milk or cream to black coffee. The latter, in the author's language, was "consoling, joyful and, had nearly said, spiritual" in its effects. But let ever so small a quantity of milk or cream be added and the result upon the human economy was most disastrous.

Since the dawn of this vicious custom puerperal and consumption in the cities had increased one-half and rural communities formerly immune were now beginning to show cases of these ailments.

According to *Le Progrès Médical*, which obtained the above information from a new popular review, *Le Connaissances*, de Berneaud claimed that many eminent physicians shared his opinions. He seems to have had an obsession that all mixtures of fluids were injurious, and extended his prescription of milk addition to tea, chocolate and spirits. Sustained by this preconceived notion, he was able to publish a long article in 1820, in which he accuses café au lait of causing almost every derangement known to medicine. But, rabid as he sounds, he was fatuous enough to admit that perhaps 10 per cent of the people might be tough enough to drink café au lait without disastrous results.—*New York World*.

## BUILDING UP BUFFALO HERDS

Department of Agriculture Has Had Gratifying Success With This Part of Its Work.

Forty-six new buffalo calves are reported on three of the four game preserves maintained by the biological survey of the United States Department of Agriculture for the special protection of buffalo. On the national bison range, in Montana, there are 417 buffalo, including 28 calves born this spring. Fifteen calves are reported at the Wind Cave preserve, in South Dakota, and 8 at Nebraska, Neb.

The department has been very fortunate in maintaining the herds established at these three points and at Sully's Hill, North Dakota. There are relatively few large buffalo herds now scattered over the country, and the biological survey has made special efforts to provide suitable ranges and protection for what threatened a few years ago to become an extinct species of native American animal.

Interesting Powder Horn Map.

A map engraved on an old powder horn may lead to the location of the sites of several Cherokee Indian towns in western North Carolina, according to the Bureau of American Ethnology at Washington.

The powder horn is a loan from Hugh Kirk, Newtowndale, County Down, Ireland, and dates from about 1750 when the English were beginning to open up the Cherokee region. It belonged to James Grant, member of a company of British soldiers stationed near Charlestown and near Fort London and Fort Prince George in the Cherokee country about the time that these forts were besieged.

The horn is elaborately engraved with the royal arms of Great Britain and the map showing the ancient town of Ucuscus and other towns in the region in which the soldier saw service.

Perpetual Motion Discredited.

It seems hardly credible, but up to the year 1772, there was no scientist in all Europe who knew enough to categorically deny that there was such a thing as perpetual motion.

It remained for Sir Isaac Newton and the French scientist, De La Hir, to demonstrate beyond doubt the impossibility of attaining it.

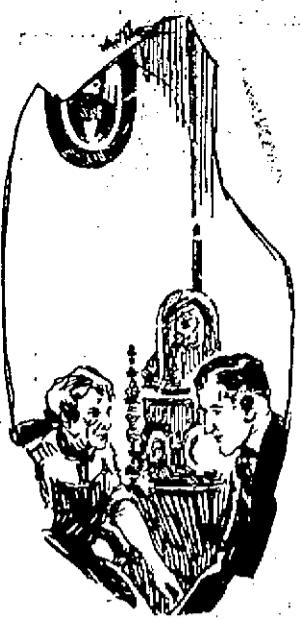
Quite a little time passed before the scientific world in general was willing to accept the Newtonian theory, but finally the French Academy of Science at Paris, in 1775, publicly declared that perpetual motion was an impossibility and thereby branded all those who still insisted upon experimenting with it as charlatans.—*Pittsburgh Leader*.

Disgraceful.

An Irishman on a short visit to London for the first time happened to pass by the houses of parliament. He cast an interested eye at Big Ben and, after a little consideration, accordingly adjusted his watch by it.

The next day he happened to pass by again and pulled out his watch to see if it was correct. He looked very bewildered when he found that his timepiece had gained five minutes.

With a final glance, full of contempt and scorn at the towering Big Ben, he turned away, muttering to himself: "Arrah, ye great big spalpeen! Fancy letting a little watch beat ye!"



"He's—he's gone, Mrs. Howard."

what's more, if you happen to get into communication with Blinney Bozeman and Taylor Bill, he's your head off. Maybe you saw 'em, a sandy-haired fellow and a big man with a black mustache, sitting at the back of the room?" Fairchild nodded. " Well, stay away from them. They belong to 'Squint' Rodaline. Know him?"

She shot the question sharply. Again Fairchild nodded.

" I've heard the name. Who is he?" A voice called to Mother Howard from the dining room. She turned away, then leaned close to Robert Fairchild. " He's a miner, and he's always been a miner. Right now, he's mixed up with some of the biggest people in town. He's always been a man to be afraid of—and he was your father's worst enemy!"

Then, leaving Fairchild staring after her, she moved on to her duties in the kitchen.

## OPPOSED CREAM IN COFFEE

Frenchman, a Century Ago, Ascribed All Sorts of Human Ills to the Custom.

Arsene Thiebaud de Berneaud, librarian a century ago to the Bibliothèque Mazarin, Paris, opposed with fervor the then comparatively new custom of adding milk or cream to black coffee. The latter, in the author's language, was "consoling, joyful and, had nearly said, spiritual" in its effects. But let ever so small a quantity of milk or cream be added and the result upon the human economy was most disastrous.

Since the dawn of this vicious custom puerperal and consumption in the cities had increased one-half and rural communities formerly immune were now beginning to show cases of these ailments.

According to *Le Progrès Médical*, which obtained the above information from a new popular review, *Le Connaissances*, de Berneaud claimed that many eminent physicians shared his opinions. He seems to have had an obsession that all mixtures of fluids were injurious, and extended his prescription of milk addition to tea, chocolate and spirits. Sustained by this preconceived notion, he was able to publish a long article in 1820, in which he accuses café au lait of causing almost every derangement known to medicine. But, rabid as he sounds, he was fatuous enough to admit that perhaps 10 per cent of the people might be tough enough to drink café au lait without disastrous results.—*New York World*.

Building Well Described as a "Place From Which Emanates Shudder-Ing, Creepy Horror."

It is a gray building nestling along the bleak and dreary water front of the East river at the foot of Twenty-sixth street—a building from which emanates shuddering, creepy horror.

Black wagons come and go, bearing their grousing loads, writes O. O. McIntyre in the *Kansas City Star*. At night vagrant bats, from nearby warehouses beat against the walls. And off in the river the soft swish of a lonely paddle or the sound of a bunting's night song.

The building is the depository for the city's unidentified dead—the morgue. In the gloomy interior, as forbidding as the tomb, are rows upon rows of d-avers, to each one of which is thumb tacked a white card bearing an almost illegible scrawl and number.

Perhaps a girl of the cabarets washed up from the ever-flowing waters. The gangster pistolied through the skull. A woman in silks and satins with acid seared lips and all identification marks removed. The illustrations from all walks of life. All are there in the numbered drawers.

Into the waiting room, feebly lighted, come searchers with faces of ghastly pallor—the aristocrat and bourgeois. All hoping against hope. Sullen, phlegmatic attendants take them one by one into the hall of death to gaze upon the human floatem.

The building is the depository for the city's unidentified dead—the morgue. In the gloomy interior, as forbidding as the tomb, are rows upon rows of d-avers, to each one of which is thumb tacked a white card bearing an almost illegible scrawl and number.

Perhaps a girl of the cabarets washed up from the ever-flowing waters. The gangster pistolied through the skull. A woman in silks and satins with acid seared lips and all identification marks removed. The illustrations from all walks of life. All are there in the numbered drawers.

It is a gray building nestling along the bleak and dreary water front of the East river at the foot of Twenty-sixth street—a building from which emanates shuddering, creepy horror.

Black wagons come and go, bearing their grousing loads, writes O. O. McIntyre in the *Kansas City Star*. At night vagrant bats, from nearby warehouses beat against the walls. And off in the river the soft swish of a lonely paddle or the sound of a bunting's night song.

The building is the depository for the city's unidentified dead—the morgue. In the gloomy interior, as forbidding as the tomb, are rows upon rows of d-avers, to each one of which is thumb tacked a white card bearing an almost illegible scrawl and number.

Perhaps a girl of the cabarets washed up from the ever-flowing waters. The gangster pistolied through the skull. A woman in silks and satins with acid seared lips and all identification marks removed. The illustrations from all walks of life. All are there in the numbered drawers.

It is a gray building nestling along the bleak and dreary water front of the East river at the foot of Twenty-sixth street—a building from which emanates shuddering, creepy horror.

Black wagons come and go, bearing their grousing loads, writes O. O. McIntyre in the *Kansas City Star*. At night vagrant bats, from nearby warehouses beat against the walls. And off in the river the soft swish of a lonely paddle or the sound of a bunting's night song.

The building is the depository for the city's unidentified dead—the morgue. In the gloomy interior, as forbidding as the tomb, are rows upon rows of d-avers, to each one of which is thumb tacked a white card bearing an almost illegible scrawl and number.

Perhaps a girl of the cabarets washed up from the ever-flowing waters. The gangster pistolied through the skull. A woman in silks and satins with acid seared lips and all identification marks removed. The illustrations from all walks of life. All are there in the numbered drawers.

It is a gray building nestling along the bleak and dreary water front of the East river at the foot of Twenty-sixth street—a building from which emanates shuddering, creepy horror.

Black wagons come and go, bearing their grousing loads, writes O. O. McIntyre in the *Kansas City Star*. At night vagrant bats, from nearby warehouses beat against the walls. And off in the river the soft swish of a lonely paddle or the sound of a bunting's night song.

The building is the depository for the city's unidentified dead—the morgue. In the gloomy interior, as forbidding as the tomb, are rows upon rows of d-avers, to each one of which is thumb tacked a white card bearing an almost illegible scrawl and number.

Perhaps a girl of the cabarets washed up from the ever-flowing waters. The gangster pistolied through the skull. A woman in silks and satins with acid seared lips and all identification marks removed. The illustrations from all walks of life. All are there in the numbered drawers.

It is a gray building nestling along the bleak and dreary water front of the East river at the foot of Twenty-sixth street—a building from which emanates shuddering, creepy horror.

Black wagons come and go, bearing their grousing loads, writes O. O. McIntyre in the *Kansas City Star*. At night vagrant bats, from nearby warehouses beat against the walls. And off in the river the soft swish of a lonely paddle or the sound of a bunting's night song.

The building is the depository for the city's unidentified dead—the morgue. In the gloomy interior, as forbidding as the tomb, are rows upon rows of d-avers, to each one of which is thumb tacked a white card bearing an almost illegible scrawl and number.

Perhaps a girl of the cabarets washed up from the ever-flowing waters. The gangster pistolied through the skull. A woman in silks and satins with acid seared lips and all identification marks removed. The illustrations from all walks of life. All are there in the numbered drawers.

It is a gray building nestling along the bleak and dreary water front of the East river at the foot of Twenty-sixth street—a building from which emanates shuddering, creepy horror.

Black wagons come and go, bearing their grousing loads, writes O. O. McIntyre in the *Kansas City Star*. At night vagrant bats, from nearby warehouses beat against the walls. And off in the river the soft swish of a lonely paddle or the sound of a bunting's night song.

The building is the depository for the city's unidentified dead—the morgue. In the gloomy interior, as forbidding as the tomb, are rows upon rows of d-avers, to each one of which is thumb tacked a white card bearing an almost illegible scrawl and number.

Perhaps a girl of the cabarets washed up from the ever-flowing waters. The gangster pistolied through the skull. A woman in silks and satins with acid seared lips and all identification marks removed. The illustrations from all walks of life. All are there in the numbered drawers.

It is a gray building nestling along the bleak and dreary water front of the East river at the foot of Twenty-sixth street—a building from which emanates shuddering, creepy horror.</

Established 1848

**The Mercury.**

Newport, R. I.

Published by MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.

Office Telephone 191  
Home Telephone 104

Saturday, July 29, 1922

There would seem to have been rain enough to last for the rest of the summer, even if the weather magnate should forget to send any more for a few days. This certainly has been a moist summer.

President Harding has been adopted by the Indians and is to become a member of the Flathead Indian Tribe of Montana; and what is more he is to have a mountain peak on the Flathead Indian reservation named Mount Harding, a high up honor.

Since the strike was declared on the railroads more than 300,000 miles of train service throughout the country have been discontinued. The business of the country has been hampered. How long must the people of the country suffer for the benefit of the few?

The tax rate of the city of Worcester is a little worse than that of Newport. It is \$2.20 on a thousand while ours is \$20. Still it is the valuation placed on the property that counts. In Newport much property is valued by the assessors for considerably more than it brings when sold.

A prominent physician in Pawtucket thinks the laws were not made to be enforced. Probably, in his opinion they were made to look well on the statute books. Nevertheless he had to pay a fine the other day for running by a standing trolley car. If he had been in Newport he would have been much more astonished at such a procedure on the part of the authorities. For here less than one person in a hundred gets hauled up for such an offence.

They have a primary law in Texas all their own. If more than two candidates are in the field for any office the two highest must fight it out again between themselves. They have just had a primary for nomination of U. S. Senator, Senator Culberson, a Democratic leader in the National Senate, came in third. The other two, one an ex-Governor, must go all through the fight again between themselves, to determine which shall represent the party at the polls in November.

It begins to look as though the Democrats of New York would have to take Hearst as their candidate for Governor whether the great body of the party want him or not: His manager, William J. Connors of Buffalo, claims to have corralled the up-state Democrats, and now it rests with Murphy, the Tammany chieftain, to throw New York City for him, and that will settle it. It makes little difference what the rank and file may want, it is what Tammany wants that tells the story.

For passing an electric car while stopped to discharge passengers on Broadway, a man was fined \$5 and costs this morning.—Daily News.

Why punish this one man when by actual count more than one hundred others on that same day violated the state law by going at full speed past standing cars on Broadway? From observation extending over many weeks it is evident that the great majority of automobile drivers pay little or no regard to the law. As a result of this almost universal disregard of a very useful law there will be a terrible accident some day.

The Providence Journal's numerous articles on the condition of affairs in Bristol have stirred the natives of that ancient town to a fighting pitch. Some of the denizens of that burg have reached that point of indignation where they are ready to rise in mass and visit vengeance on the author of the articles; others are not so sure but what there may be more truth than fiction in the articles. Others say, "Yes, they are all true, but there was no call of telling it to the world." Perhaps, however, good may come from it. No medicine is good to take, but it sometimes cures the patient.

From now on to November 7 Massachusetts will be the hot bed of political activity. Over 50,000 nomination papers have already been put in circulation for state officers and congressmen, and many more are to follow. The numerous candidates and their more numerous friends are scouring the state from the borders to the ocean for signatures. There is hardly an office to be filled that does not have at least half a dozen aspirants. The U. S. Senatorship and the Governorship are to be the fighting centers, both for nomination and on election day. The state wide primary system keeps the state in a political ferment all the time. Probably nine-tenths of the people of that state would rejoice at the repeal of that law, but no one seems to dare to take the initiative for fear the other fellow would make political capital out of it.

**A CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION NOT WANTED**

Ex-Governor Garvin has dropped his single tax shouting for the moment and is calling loudly for a constitutional convention. He will get one about as soon as the other, and neither this year. The people of the state do not want a constitutional convention, at least none want it except the professional agitators like the Ex-Gov. and some others who expect to gain some personal advantage out of it. There is a constitutional way of amending the constitution, and when it needs amending that way can be used. To most of us it seems to be a pretty good constitution as it is. It has been amended from time to time as the changed condition of affairs required. Most states that have had experience with constitutional conventions, do not care for any more experience along that line. The ex-Governor wants a senate made according to the population in the cities and towns, and argues that if West Greenwich is to have one senator then Providence should have 650 senators. Which is about as sensible as most of his line of argument. If the United States Senate was made up on that line, where would Rhode Island be? Instead of having the same representation as any other state she would have one senator to fifty in New York, and with all the other large states in like proportion. The result would be that Rhode Island and the other small states would be simply ciphers in the government of the nation. The makers of our national and state constitutions were wise men and they builded well. It is good for the nation to have the power scattered throughout the land; it is equally good for the state. Everybody except a few perpetual agitators are satisfied with our present constitution, and when changes are needed they can be made in the way provided by law.

According to the New York Times the twelve greatest living Americans are:

Thomas A. Edison,  
Charles W. Eliot,  
Henry Ford,  
Herbert Hoover,  
Charles Evans Hughes,  
John J. Pershing,  
John D. Rockefeller,  
Elihu Root,  
John S. Sargent,  
William Howard Taft,  
Booth Tarkington,  
Woodrow Wilson.

At least this list is one having the most recommendations behind it. The paper sent out requests for opinions on the subject from many people of prominence all over the country. Many names were recommended, but the above drew the first prize. President Harding, General Goethals, Admiral Sims, Dr. Henry Van Dyke, Senator Lodge, William Jennings Bryan and Billy Sunday come in for honorable mention.

Rhode Island consoles herself with the assurance that she will still have her coal long after the fields beyond the Hudson have picked out their last vein.—Boston Herald.

There is no doubt about that statement. Rhode Island will always have her coal, because nobody can burn it if dug out of the deep holes in which it was placed by the Creator. It is an old story but fits the case well, that when coal was first discovered in Rhode Island a sample was sent to a noted scientist for examination, and his reply was, that when the final conflagration came, and the world destroyed by molten heat, he would move to Rhode Island and settle over that coal mine, as that would be the last place that would burn.

The big Cuban sugar crop is being fast brought to this country. Up to date 2,855,200 tons of raw sugar have come to 1,480,130 tons during the same period last year. This would indicate that the consumer ought to have his sweetening at an easy figure this year. Sugar for many months past has been the cheapest article of the market. The total meltings at the refineries in this country up to July first was 3,086,571 tons as compared with 1,926,837 tons during the same period last year. However, it is not all gain to the consumer. The Department of Agriculture reports a shortage in the domestic beet sugar crop of more than 35 per cent.

A Boston paper says this is one of the worst mosquito years in the history of New England. The pests swarm everywhere. At home, we are forbidden the use of our own piazzas. And thousands of mothers are driven frantic in efforts to protect their babies.

Better come to Newport where there is no trouble from mosquitoes. To be sure, there are some of the pests in the low lands on the outskirts of the city, but there are few in the city proper. Successful efforts are being put forth to rid the entire island of the annoyance.

Providence and the northern part of the state were visited with a terrific thunder storm last Sunday night which flooded the city, put the trolley cars out of service, disabled the telephone service, made many of the streets impassable, and raised havoc generally. The damage caused by the storm amounted to hundreds of thousands of dollars. Newport had a slight rain and considerable thunder was heard at a distance, but no damage was done.

**GOMPERS, LEWIS, JEWELL-CZARS**

(Boston Herald)

The people of this country are in danger of starvation. The industries of this country are in danger of stagnation because the railroads are unable to transport coal from non-union mines in West Virginia and Kentucky; because the United Mine Workers, a labor monopoly, will not produce coal in the anthracite mines of Pennsylvania and will let no one else produce the coal; because the same labor monopoly in Illinois, Indiana and Ohio, aided by statutes which it has caused to be made upon the statute books, will neither mine coal nor let others mine coal. President Lewis of the United Mine Workers notifies the Governor of Michigan that even if the State should take over the mines the state can produce no coal until Lewis permits. Government ownership means Lewis dictatorship.

Suppose the presidents of the railroads, the Chesapeake & Ohio, the Norfolk & Western, especially, and the presidents of coal mines had done and were doing what Gompers, Lewis, Jewell and others have done and are doing; had said and were saying what Gompers, Lewis and Jewell have said and are saying; had stopped and were stopping coal production and transportation as Gompers, Lewis and Jewell and others have stopped and are stopping coal production and transportation. Would the railroad presidents and the coal presidents be allowed to go scot-free, or would injunctions be issued against them? Would grand juries be in session to present indictments against them?

Grand juries investigate violations of the Volstead act; the time has come when grand juries should be in session investigating whether Gompers, Lewis, Jewell and others have conspired and are conspiring to restrain interstate commerce, there is no doubt of that fact. Thirty thousand cars loaded in one non-union county last month, less than 10,000 cars at the present rate this month. Somebody is to blame. Grand juries by investigation can find out who is to blame; who is conspiring to cause this restraint of trade. Instead of debating with labor leaders whether they will let coal be produced, let engines and cars be repaired and let trains be run, these men should be treated like other men. "Upon what meat do these our Caesars (czars) feed that they have grown so great?"

**IMPORTANT EVENTS IN AUGUST**

1640, August 20. First public school in America established in Newport.  
1654, August 31. The union of the four towns in Rhode Island effected.  
1676, August 12. King Philip killed near Mt. Hope.

1746, August 16. Freehold qualifications changed to 400 pounds, or 20 pounds per annum.

1778, August 29. Battle of Rhode Island, which the historian, Bancroft, calls the best fought battle of the Revolution.

1824, August 23. General Lafayette visits this state, and views the places where he aided Washington, in the days of the Revolution.

1814, August 28. Delegates elected to the "Peoples Convention."

1920, August 26. Ratification of nineteenth amendment to the Constitution of the United States, extending the suffrage to women, promulgated.

Reports have reached Newport of the landing of a large shipment of liquor on the east shore of the Island.

**Jazz Records and Song Hits**A2880-\$1.00  
Fi Po Fum—One Step  
Dancing Honeymoon—Fox TrotA2579-\$1.00  
Just Another Kiss—W

Ah There—Fox Trot

A2883-\$1.00  
Mohammed—Fox Trot

Afghanistan—Fox Trot

A2395-\$1.00  
Bo-La-Bo—Fox Trot

Venetian Moon—Fox Trot

A2393-\$1.00  
Kid from Madrid—Al Jolson

C-U-B-A—Kaufman

We ship Records all over

the country.

**PLUMMER'S MUSIC STORE**  
NEWPORT, R. I.**Weekly Calendar JULY 1922****STANDARD TIME**

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT	SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT	SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT	SUN
29 Sun	1 30	2 29	3 28	4 27	5 26	6 25	7 24	8 23	9 22	10 21	11 20	12 19	13 18	14 17	15 16	16 15	17 14	18 13	19 12	20 11	21 31
30 Mon	1 31	2 28	3 27	4 26	5 25	6 24	7 23	8 22	9 21	10 20	11 19	12 18	13 17	14 16	15 15	16 14	17 13	18 12	19 11	20 10	21 20
1 Tues	2 31	3 27	4 26	5 25	6 24	7 23	8 22	9 21	10 20	11 19	12 18	13 17	14 16	15 15	16 14	17 13	18 12	19 11	20 10	21 21	22 21
2 Wed	3 1	4 27	5 26	6 25	7 24	8 23	9 22	10 21	11 20	12 19	13 18	14 17	15 16	16 15	17 14	18 13	19 12	20 11	21 10	22 22	23 22
3 Thurs	4 1	5 27	6 26	7 25	8 24	9 23	10 22	11 21	12 20	13 19	14 18	15 17	16 16	17 15	18 14	19 13	20 12	21 11	22 10	23 23	24 23
4 Fri	5 1	6 27	7 26	8 25	9 24	10 23	11 22	12 21	13 20	14 19	15 18	16 17	17 16	18 15	19 14	20 13	21 12	22 11	23 10	24 24	25 24

First quarter July 1, 6:33 evening

Full moon, July 8 1:05 evening

Last quarter July 17, 0:12 morning

New moon July 24, 7:43 morning

Last quarter July 20, 11:23 evening

**Deaths.**

In this city, 22nd Inst., Joseph L. Chace,

In this city, July 23rd, Marie Charlotte,

daughter of Frank G and Charlotte Apple-

green.

In this city, July 27 Grace Campbell,

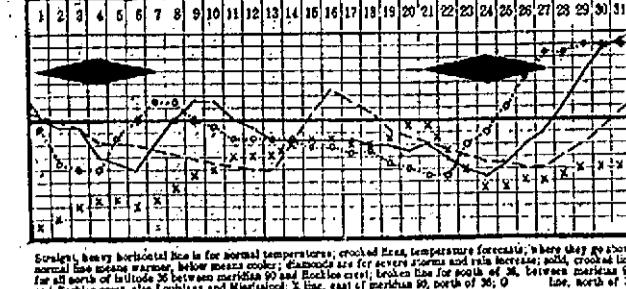
daughter of Marion N. and the late James

McNeil.

In this city, July 21, Nancy Thompson

Perches Weaver, widow of William L. Wea-

ver.

**FOSTER'S WEATHER CHART FOR JULY 1922**

# RYAN FAILURE OF 32 MILLION

Crash of Wall Street Plunger's Schemes Expected for 18 Months.

FREE ASSETS \$644,000

Hope Seen for Unsecured Creditors in the Shifting Value of Collateral; No Aid Came From Father, Thomas Fortune Ryan.

New York.—Allan A. Ryan, once master reader of the ticker tape, has paid the penalty, his jailmates said, for mistakes in judgment regarding the stock market. His filing of voluntary petition in bankruptcy and the appointment of a receiver are echoes of the collapse of security prices in 1920, which followed soon after Mr. Ryan had been expelled from membership in the New York Stock Exchange after his tilt with the governors resulting from the corner he engineered in the shares of the Stutz Motors Company.

By more than eighteen months the large banks and trust companies of Wall Street, which are the principal creditors of Mr. Ryan, whose liabilities reach \$32,135,477, anticipated the bankruptcy action and sought to protect their loans by taking over large blocks of securities and holding them in trust. At the time of the arrangement in November, 1920, it was intimated that if more is eventually realized from the sale of the collateral than is necessary to suffice the enormous bank loans incurred for financing the speculative imagination of this giant trader, the difference was to have gone to the credit of Mr. Ryan, but will now go to the creditors of the bankrupt estate. However, figures made public in the petition left little hope of a surplus after the bank loans have been met.

Speaking for the banks, George L. Burr, vice-president of the Guaranty Trust Company, issued the following statement:

"This action of Mr. Allan A. Ryan has been anticipated and provided against by the Guaranty Trust Company. Our interests in the situation results from loans made upon collateral to Allan A. Ryan & Co., on our own account and in our capacity as trustee for others. The collateral has been in process of liquidation for some time, and will be in no way affected by the bankruptcy proceedings."

Efforts to get more specific information as to the relation of present worth of the collateral, compared with the amount of the loans, proved futile, as none of the interested groups would reveal more than the court records.

The son of Thomas Fortune Ryan, copper potentate and leading figure in the tobacco and banking world, who is believed to have been estranged from his millionaire son for several years, has finally sought to disentangle himself from the multitude speculations of the post-armistice boom and collapse by voluntarily turning his assets over to a receiver appointed by the court. In answer to a petition filed by David Hunter Miller, of the firm of Parker, Murchison, Miller & Auchincloss, of 61 Broadway, on behalf of William Edward Corbin, a creditor with a substantial claim, Judge A. N. Hand appointed Colonel Francis G. Cussey, former United States attorney, as temporary receiver, with a bond of \$5,000, and also designated Parker, Marshall, Miller & Auchincloss as attorneys for the receiver. The bond was small, it was pointed out, because most of the assets were already hypothecated.

The financial community accepted the news of the bankruptcy of the millionaire trader calmly just before the market closed. For two years Mr. Ryan, because of the losses sustained and because of his falling out with authorities of the Stock Exchange, has been a smaller factor in the speculative markets than in the period preceding. Through his operations in Stutz as a result of the corner in which the market worth of the shares climbed from 100 $\frac{1}{2}$  to 72 $\frac{1}{2}$  a share, Mr. Ryan, who until recently was Deputy Police Commissioner of New York and personal friend of Commissioner Bright, increased his reputation as a speculator from currency in all brokerage offices to a household word throughout the nation.

In filing a voluntary petition in bankruptcy in the United States District Court, Mr. Ryan was writing into the official record pages of his Wall Street career, which already had become generally known, in an informal, unofficial way. With the rising tendency of security prices in the last eleven months some were inclined to believe that the trend in quotations would automatically restore Mr. Ryan to a stronger financial condition.

More than 100 creditors who do not hold securities are listed. Mr. Ryan has put down everything, including sums owed for jewelry.

## HEAVY TAX ON ARSENIC

Tariff Bill Enables Guggenheims to Collect Toll, Senator Smith Avera.

Washington.—The Guggenheims, through the suitor trust, have been ennobled by the pending tariff bill to collect a toll of \$18,000,000 from the American farmers, according to the charges made by Senator Smith, Democrat, of South Carolina. This sum will be realized, he said, from a tax of 2 cents a pound on white arsenic heretofore on the free list. Arsenic is used largely in spraying.

A party of 12 Japanese students selected from the Imperial University in Tokio and from other Japanese universities, will visit New Haven on Aug. 18 and 19, in the course of a tour of the United States. The tour is being conducted under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. of Tokio, in the interests of international goodwill.



LEO SOWERBY

Attained Coveted Prize Through Unusual Talent



JAMES EADS HOW

Invited the President to Attend Hobo Meet

## CHAOS RULES AMERICAN HOMES

Without Religion, Nation Will Decay and Finally Perish, Episcopal Church Report Asserts.

### PRELATES ISSUE WARNING

"Marriage Mere Legal Concubinage," and Youth Allowed to Run Wild. Uniform Laws Urged—Lack of Religion Cited.

New York.—"The church must take note of these facts in some way other than merely personal exhortation," declares a report on the average American home and family life which is made public here by the National Council of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

The report will be presented formally in September at the forty-seventh triennial convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Portland, Ore.

It speaks of American home life as "in a state of chaos—the broken discordant home life of the American people—the frightful dissolution of the marriage going on in America and its inevitable consequence race suicide, increasing throngs in the divorce courts, weeping women, unhappy men, children orphaned, not by God's will, but by the selfishness of parents."

Speaking further of marriage, the report says: "Prostituted as it is in the United States to a mere means for physical union—a legalized form of concubinage—it will produce the result of increasing sterility as it has always done in the past."

The report deplores the destructive effect of industrial development on the ideal of the family, the impairment of the social and moral standard of Christian living and the loss of sufficient leisure for mental, moral and spiritual culture, due to "speeding up" of the industrial pace.

It recommends that "the criminal feeble-minded and morally vicious ought to be prevented from propagating their kind," and recommends also "an insistence upon health certificates as an antecedent to marriage."

"No small part of the problem of the family," according to the report, "depends upon the enactment of a national law providing for uniform marriage and divorce throughout the United States. A bill is now before Congress, which is seriously recommended to the convention."

The commission also "heartily endorses the warning uttered by the great Lambeth Conference of Bishops in London in 1920 against the practice of means for avoiding conception as involving grave dangers to physical health as well as to moral innocence and threatening the future of the human race."

"We touch the root of the family problem when we point to the lack of religion in the home. Sunday is a day for extra sleeping, motorizing, Sunday papers in many volumes, comic supplements. When the mother, lying in bed half buried under the Sunday paper, calls to little Willie to drop the colored supplement to go to Sunday school, or father, on his back under the automobile getting ready for the day's outing orders Jack and Lucy to go, these poor wretches will wander off to church along with the dim thought that when they are grown up they also will do as they please."

"Fathers and mothers are abdicating their highest privilege when they leave to Sunday school teachers or more likely to servants, school mates or the child's own heart, the teaching of morals and religion."

"The first seven years of the child's life are a mother's unrivaled opportunity. No power on earth can equal the influence of a spiritually-minded mother. Then, when the critical age of adolescence comes, the father will have his day and reveal his quality."

"The boy is no longer like plastic clay in the hands of a mother's love and experience, but being of new mysterious passions looking eagerly for his own place in life. Then especially he needs the strong hand of the parents who believe that forming his boy character is a man's job."

"This nation will decay and finally perish when American homes cease to revere God. Advanced culture did not save past civilizations."

Beatrice Charette, 16, is dead in the hospital in Westbrook, Me., after having been accidentally shot by her young brother, Leo, 13, with a 22 calibre revolver which the boy found in the coat pocket of his brother. The shooting was accidental.



Cuticura Is The Best Beauty Doctor

Daily use of Cuticura Soap, with touches of Cuticura Ointment now and then, keeps the skin fresh, smooth and clear. Cuticura Talcum is ideal for the skin.

Sample Pack Free Mail Address: Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. 100, 100 Main Street, New York, N. Y.

Cuticura Soaps have no perfume.

## The Savings Bank of Newport

Newport, R. I.

## Dividend No. 203

The trustees of this institution have declared a semi-annual dividend on all sums by the rules entitled thereto payable Saturday, July 15, 1922, at the rate of 1.2 per annum.

G. P. TAYLOR,  
Treas.

### GO FORWARD

with a will and determine to accomplish something worth while. You can do it by making regular deposits with the Industrial Trust Co.

Now is the time to open an account.

4 Per Cent. Interest paid on Participation Accounts.

Money deposited on or before the 15th of any month, draws interest from the 1st of that month.

## THE INDUSTRIAL TRUST COMPANY

(OFFICE WITH NEWPORT TRUST COMPANY)

EVERY ARTICLE SOLD IS MADE ON THE PREMISES

## SIMON KOSCHNY'S SONS

Manufacturing Confectioners

232 Thames Street

Branch, 16 Broadway

NEWPORT, R. I.

CHOCOLATES A SPECIALTY MARZIPAN CONFECTION

All Chocolate Goods are made of Walter Baker Chocolate Covering

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC CAKES A SPECIALTY

INDIVIDUAL ICES AND SHERBETS

All Goods

Promptly

Attended to

CHOICE CANDIES MADE DAILY

All Goods

are Pure

Absolutely

## IT HAPPENED IN NEW ENGLAND

### News of General Interest

From the Six States

Aileen Gregory, pretty 19-year-old daughter of the superintendent of the Ritter estate, one of the show places of Manchester, Vt., killed herself at the roadside almost within sight of her father's house. From all evidence discovered the girl shot herself through the heart with one of her father's revolvers and died instantly.

The carillon in the Church of Our Lady of Good Voyage, Gloucester, Mass., played for the first time on the afternoon of Sunday July 23. This is the first and only carillon in the United States, and consists of 25 bells, including two full chromatic octaves, which will allow playing of a wide variety of melodies with harmonic accompaniments.

Although six months ago Boston rated seventh in the list of American ports, it has since displaced Philadelphia in tonnage and value of import and export business. Shipping is increasing so rapidly, that it is believed it will shortly be second only to New York.

The Boston and Maine railroad has received Interstate Commerce Commission authority to assume liability for payment of principal and interest of \$185,000 in equipment trust certificates. The securities will be sold to finance purchases of new locomotives and cars for the railroad.

STEEL COMBINES LEGAL

Federal Commission Still Has to Pass on Action.

Washington.—Neither the proposed merger of the Bethlehem and Lackawanna steel companies nor the one pending to link the Midvale Republic and Inland companies will constitute a violation of the anti-trust laws, Attorney General Daugherty held in an opinion sent to the Senate in response to a resolution passed by that body.

The Federal Commission still has to pass on the matter.

### 600 MINERS ORDERED OUT.

Fuel for Hospitals, Ice Plants and Public Utilities Cut Off.

Muskogee, Okla.—Six hundred coal miners in Oklahoma, Arkansas and Texas, who have been permitted to work since the national coal miners began April 1, were ordered out on strike by John Wilkinson, president of District 21. These men have been working at mines engaged in supplying hospitals, ice companies and public utilities with fuel in the three states which comprise the district.

Sample Pack Free Mail Address: Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. 100, 100 Main Street, New York, N. Y.

## CONDENSED CLASSICS

## RAMONA

By HELEN HUNT JACKSON

Condensation by  
Mary Brooks, Gloucester, Mass.

Helen Jackson was born at Amherst, Mass., Oct. 19, 1830. She was the daughter of Professor N. W. Jackson. She was twice married, first to Major Edward H. Hunt of the United States engineers; he died in 1863; it was while living as a widow at Newport that she made her pen-name of "H. H. (Helen Hunt) Jackson."

Years later she married W. B. Jackson, a banker of Colorado Springs.

She was a woman of great industry and success. She was well known, by "Verses by H. H." Her poems were widely read and were praised by Emerson and T. W. Higginson. She wrote for the famous "No Name Stories," two novels, "Mercy Philbrick's Chalice" and "Hester's Strange History." She was author of books of many types, including those for children. She became greatly interested in the Indians, she was appointed a special committee to investigate their condition.

From this work resulted "A Century of Dishonor" and the novel by which she will be remembered, "Ramona." She died Aug. 12, 1885, in San Francisco. She possessed the affectionate regard of many readers.

**R**AMONA! The blessed child! Father Salvadererra, nearing his journey's end, cried with joy. Through the golden mustard tangle that overhung his path a dark-haired maiden came swiftly to meet him. At sight of Ramona's angelic face the aged Franciscan forgot his weariness, almost forgave his burden of grief over his beloved maidens, despoiled and crumbling. A silent blessing, and he followed her contentedly to the Moreno ranch, where sheep-shearing had been delayed until his visit, that he might confess the healing hand.

Before Mexico's surrender of Chil-  
fornia, General Moreno's estates were  
looted indeed; now huge portions had  
been looted away by the United States  
land commission, and the general's  
widow revenged her losses by denouncing all Americans as "boun-  
daries." A marvelous manager, the Señora Moreno, whom her handsome, gentle son Felipe obeyed in everything and knew it not! Yet she never suspected that Felipe's affection for Ramona could be more than brotherly; she had never loved the girl. For Ramona was not of Moreno blood. Her father was a tempestuous Scotchman, who, cruelly jilted by the señora's sister, married an Indian woman. To his old love, childless and unhappy, he gave his beautiful blue-eyed baby to rear as her own. At Señora Ortega's death the child came as a legacy to Señora Moreno, but at nineteen, Ramona still waited to learn the mystery of her parentage. The stern, silent señora would not tell.

The Indian sheep-shearers arrived at sunset, just as Ramona hurried to the brook to wash an altar-cloth. Her face aglow, she bent over the stones, all unconscious that Alessandro, captain of the shearing band, beholding her, stood spellbound.

When Father Salvadererra led the household sunrise hymn next morning, a new rich baton tone voice thrilled Ramona strangely.

"I never heard anything like it," she told Felipe.

"That is Alessandro, old Pablo's son—a splendid fellow. He plays the violin beautifully; the old San Luis Rey music. His father was bandmaster there."

Sheep-shearing began most unfortunately. Felipe up too soon from a long illness, suffered a relapse while packing the dusty fleeces. Only Alessandro could soothe his delirium; accordingly, Alessandro was persuaded to remain until the invalid should recover.

As Felipe improved, he lived on the open veranda, lying on a rawhide bed that Alessandro made. The family sat near him. Alessandro, too, his music a delight, his strength and fidelity a repose, his personal presence always agreeable, was freely welcome. The young Indian watched Ramona with dumb devotion.

"Such eyes," she mused. "Like a saint, so solemn, so mild. I am sure he is very good." She ceased to regard him as an Indian. How could she understand this new feeling? Felipe was the only young man she had ever known.

One thought possessed Alessandro after old Juan Canito, the head shepherd, told him of Ramona's parentage: "The señora has Indian blood. . . . The señora loves her not." When Ramona wept at the señora's unkindness, he trembled so that Felipe read his secret.

"If only my mother could think it," reflected generous Felipe. "It would be best to have Alessandro stay here as overseer, and then they might be married."

The crisis came when Ramona's eyes dimmed with tears because she feared Alessandro's father would not let him remain permanently on the ranch.

"Senorita!" he cried. "Tears have come into your eyes. Then you will not be angry if I say that I love you!"

"I know, Alessandro; I am glad of it; I love you!"

"Oh, señora, do you mean that you will go with me? You cannot mean

that!"

"Yes, I will go with you."

And then, as they stood locked in each other's arms, the señora discovered them!

"Shameful creature!" she cried, uniting Ramona's protesting lips. She hustled the girl to her room and locked her in.

Alessandro, watching sadly all that night, heard two wood doves calling, "Love?" "Here!" "Love?" "Here!" "My Ramona is like the gentle wood dove," thought he; "if she is my wife my people will call her Melé, the Wood Dove."

In vain Felipe tried to persuade his mother. In vain she coaxed and threatened Ramona. The jewels which were to be Ramona's dowry, if she married worldly, were no temptation. When the señora scornfully declared, "Your mother was an Indian; a low, common Indian," the girl was truly glad.

"Why do you object to my marrying Alessandro?" she demanded; "I am of his people. The jewels you can give to the church. I shall marry Alessandro."

Felipe sent Alessandro home to Temeula until the storm should blow over. But the long-dreaded Americans in their search for more land had just taken possession of that peaceful village. Dragged out of his own house by force, Pablo died of grief. Alessandro buried him, and then in utter misery came back to bid Ramona farewell.

"Dearest senorita, I have no home," he faltered; "my father is dead, my people driven out of their village. I am only a beggar now."

But Ramona felt no fear of privations. "Take me with you!" she cried. After long pleading she overruled his wiser arguments, and that night they slipped away, with Baba, Ramona's own horse.

No trace of the lovers was found, for those Indians who knew Alessandro's whereabouts purposely misled inquirers; and at San Diego, where they were married, Ramona had given Alessandro's pet name, "Melé," to be entered on the register.

Their first home was near San Pasquale, where the Indians received Ramona gladly. She was very happy in her new life under the sky. She accepted a tiny brush but as cheerfully as the comfortable abode which Alessandro soon built and which she beautified beyond belief. Gleefully she led Baba when he plowed the first furrows in their fields.

But Alessandro's anxiety rarely left him. When he heard that the Mexican pueblo paper of San Pasquale was worthless, that all the village lands belonged to the Americans in Washington, he lost hope. "I think I shall go mad," he said. When American ranchers appeared, he sold house and crop and moved to Saboba, seeking a place the Americans did not want.

On the way to Saboba they nearly perished in a snowstorm, but were saved by an easy-going Tennessean family, the Hyers, with whom they became friends. Already Ramona's heart had been won by hearing of Father Salvadererra's death. Now came a new grief; she feared for Alessandro's reason. Could he bear another blow? "Eyes-of-the-Sky," their baby girl, never recovered from her exposure, and died on the way to the agency doctor, who would not come to her. White men began to encroach and to be insulting.

"We will hide forever," declared Alessandro. Leaving horses and wagon in San Bernardino with the Hyers for the winter, they went to a tiny valley, almost inaccessible, folded high on Mount San Jacinto's slopes. "Here we are safe!" cried Ramona.

"Pens like she's gone klar out 'er this yer world inter another," mused Aunt Ru Hyer, as she sat weaving carpets and gazing up at the shining moon in the southern horizon.

When Alessandro saw the brown eyes of his second daughter he sighed, "It is an ill gift to have the eyes of Alessandro; they look even on woe."

Now began attacks of mental distress—wild flights from imaginary, wild pursuers. Sometimes he tried to drive back the fancied intruders; his own. One fatal day he galloped home on a strange horse, taken by mistake during one of his "sicknesses."

"Senor, I will explain—" But Father Salvadererra, the enraged owner, shot him dead in the midst of his explanations.

Child to arms, Ramona ran for help to the nearest village, Cahuita. Then came oblivion.

Ten days afterward she opened her eyes. Aunt Ru was beside her and—Felipe! He had recognized Baba in San Bernardino, and from the Hyers learned the whole sad story.

"I have been searching for you all this time," he whispered. "I am alone, dear. There is no one now but you to take care of me."

"We will hide forever," declared Alessandro. Leaving horses and wagon in San Bernardino with the Hyers for the winter, they went to a tiny valley, almost inaccessible, folded high on Mount San Jacinto's slopes. "Here we are safe!" cried Ramona.

"Pens like she's gone klar out 'er this yer world inter another," mused Aunt Ru Hyer, as she sat weaving carpets and gazing up at the shining moon in the southern horizon.

When Alessandro saw the brown eyes of his second daughter he sighed, "It is an ill gift to have the eyes of Alessandro; they look even on woe."

Now began attacks of mental distress—wild flights from imaginary, wild pursuers. Sometimes he tried to drive back the fancied intruders; his own. One fatal day he galloped home on a strange horse, taken by mistake during one of his "sicknesses."

"Senor, I will explain—" But Father Salvadererra, the enraged owner, shot him dead in the midst of his explanations.

Child to arms, Ramona ran for help to the nearest village, Cahuita. Then came oblivion.

Ten days afterward she opened her eyes. Aunt Ru was beside her and—Felipe! He had recognized Baba in San Bernardino, and from the Hyers learned the whole sad story.

"I have been searching for you all this time," he whispered. "I am alone, dear. There is no one now but you to take care of me."

"We will hide forever," declared Alessandro. Leaving horses and wagon in San Bernardino with the Hyers for the winter, they went to a tiny valley, almost inaccessible, folded high on Mount San Jacinto's slopes. "Here we are safe!" cried Ramona.

"Pens like she's gone klar out 'er this yer world inter another," mused Aunt Ru Hyer, as she sat weaving carpets and gazing up at the shining moon in the southern horizon.

When Alessandro saw the brown eyes of his second daughter he sighed, "It is an ill gift to have the eyes of Alessandro; they look even on woe."

Now began attacks of mental distress—wild flights from imaginary, wild pursuers. Sometimes he tried to drive back the fancied intruders; his own. One fatal day he galloped home on a strange horse, taken by mistake during one of his "sicknesses."

"Senor, I will explain—" But Father Salvadererra, the enraged owner, shot him dead in the midst of his explanations.

Child to arms, Ramona ran for help to the nearest village, Cahuita. Then came oblivion.

Ten days afterward she opened her eyes. Aunt Ru was beside her and—Felipe! He had recognized Baba in San Bernardino, and from the Hyers learned the whole sad story.

"I have been searching for you all this time," he whispered. "I am alone, dear. There is no one now but you to take care of me."

"We will hide forever," declared Alessandro. Leaving horses and wagon in San Bernardino with the Hyers for the winter, they went to a tiny valley, almost inaccessible, folded high on Mount San Jacinto's slopes. "Here we are safe!" cried Ramona.

"Pens like she's gone klar out 'er this yer world inter another," mused Aunt Ru Hyer, as she sat weaving carpets and gazing up at the shining moon in the southern horizon.

When Alessandro saw the brown eyes of his second daughter he sighed, "It is an ill gift to have the eyes of Alessandro; they look even on woe."

Now began attacks of mental distress—wild flights from imaginary, wild pursuers. Sometimes he tried to drive back the fancied intruders; his own. One fatal day he galloped home on a strange horse, taken by mistake during one of his "sicknesses."

"Senor, I will explain—" But Father Salvadererra, the enraged owner, shot him dead in the midst of his explanations.

Child to arms, Ramona ran for help to the nearest village, Cahuita. Then came oblivion.

Ten days afterward she opened her eyes. Aunt Ru was beside her and—Felipe! He had recognized Baba in San Bernardino, and from the Hyers learned the whole sad story.

"I have been searching for you all this time," he whispered. "I am alone, dear. There is no one now but you to take care of me."

"We will hide forever," declared Alessandro. Leaving horses and wagon in San Bernardino with the Hyers for the winter, they went to a tiny valley, almost inaccessible, folded high on Mount San Jacinto's slopes. "Here we are safe!" cried Ramona.

"Pens like she's gone klar out 'er this yer world inter another," mused Aunt Ru Hyer, as she sat weaving carpets and gazing up at the shining moon in the southern horizon.

When Alessandro saw the brown eyes of his second daughter he sighed, "It is an ill gift to have the eyes of Alessandro; they look even on woe."

Now began attacks of mental distress—wild flights from imaginary, wild pursuers. Sometimes he tried to drive back the fancied intruders; his own. One fatal day he galloped home on a strange horse, taken by mistake during one of his "sicknesses."

"Senor, I will explain—" But Father Salvadererra, the enraged owner, shot him dead in the midst of his explanations.

Child to arms, Ramona ran for help to the nearest village, Cahuita. Then came oblivion.

Ten days afterward she opened her eyes. Aunt Ru was beside her and—Felipe! He had recognized Baba in San Bernardino, and from the Hyers learned the whole sad story.

"I have been searching for you all this time," he whispered. "I am alone, dear. There is no one now but you to take care of me."

"We will hide forever," declared Alessandro. Leaving horses and wagon in San Bernardino with the Hyers for the winter, they went to a tiny valley, almost inaccessible, folded high on Mount San Jacinto's slopes. "Here we are safe!" cried Ramona.

"Pens like she's gone klar out 'er this yer world inter another," mused Aunt Ru Hyer, as she sat weaving carpets and gazing up at the shining moon in the southern horizon.

When Alessandro saw the brown eyes of his second daughter he sighed, "It is an ill gift to have the eyes of Alessandro; they look even on woe."

Now began attacks of mental distress—wild flights from imaginary, wild pursuers. Sometimes he tried to drive back the fancied intruders; his own. One fatal day he galloped home on a strange horse, taken by mistake during one of his "sicknesses."

"Senor, I will explain—" But Father Salvadererra, the enraged owner, shot him dead in the midst of his explanations.

Child to arms, Ramona ran for help to the nearest village, Cahuita. Then came oblivion.

Ten days afterward she opened her eyes. Aunt Ru was beside her and—Felipe! He had recognized Baba in San Bernardino, and from the Hyers learned the whole sad story.

"I have been searching for you all this time," he whispered. "I am alone, dear. There is no one now but you to take care of me."

"We will hide forever," declared Alessandro. Leaving horses and wagon in San Bernardino with the Hyers for the winter, they went to a tiny valley, almost inaccessible, folded high on Mount San Jacinto's slopes. "Here we are safe!" cried Ramona.

"Pens like she's gone klar out 'er this yer world inter another," mused Aunt Ru Hyer, as she sat weaving carpets and gazing up at the shining moon in the southern horizon.

When Alessandro saw the brown eyes of his second daughter he sighed, "It is an ill gift to have the eyes of Alessandro; they look even on woe."

Now began attacks of mental distress—wild flights from imaginary, wild pursuers. Sometimes he tried to drive back the fancied intruders; his own. One fatal day he galloped home on a strange horse, taken by mistake during one of his "sicknesses."

"Senor, I will explain—" But Father Salvadererra, the enraged owner, shot him dead in the midst of his explanations.

Child to arms, Ramona ran for help to the nearest village, Cahuita. Then came oblivion.

Ten days afterward she opened her eyes. Aunt Ru was beside her and—Felipe! He had recognized Baba in San Bernardino, and from the Hyers learned the whole sad story.

"I have been searching for you all this time," he whispered. "I am alone, dear. There is no one now but you to take care of me."

"We will hide forever," declared Alessandro. Leaving horses and wagon in San Bernardino with the Hyers for the winter, they went to a tiny valley, almost inaccessible, folded high on Mount San Jacinto's slopes. "Here we are safe!" cried Ramona.

"Pens like she's gone klar out 'er this yer world inter another," mused Aunt Ru Hyer, as she sat weaving carpets and gazing up at the shining moon in the southern horizon.

When Alessandro saw the brown eyes of his second daughter he sighed, "It is an ill gift to have the eyes of Alessandro; they look even on woe."

Now began attacks of mental distress—wild flights from imaginary, wild pursuers. Sometimes he tried to drive back the fancied intruders; his own. One fatal day he galloped home on a strange horse, taken by mistake during one of his "sicknesses."

"Senor, I will explain—" But Father Salvadererra, the enraged owner, shot him dead in the midst of his explanations.

Child to arms, Ramona ran for help to the nearest village, Cahuita. Then came oblivion.

Ten days afterward she opened her eyes. Aunt Ru was beside her and—Felipe! He had recognized Baba in San Bernardino, and from the Hyers learned the whole sad story.

"I have been searching for you all

# Charles M. Cole, PHARMACIST,

302 THAMES STREET  
Two Doors North of Post Office  
NEWPORT, R. I.

## WATER

ALL PERSONS desirous of having water introduced into their residences or places of business should make application to the office, Marlborough Street, near Thames.

Office hours from 8 a. m. to 8 p. m.

## HAD CLEAR VISION OF RADIO

Imaginative Canadian Writer Looked Into the Future With Sight That Was Prophetic.

A remarkable imaginative prediction of wireless telephony was made by Grant Balfour (J. M. Grant) of Toronto in a trilogy which appeared in an English magazine in 1899, and was afterward reproduced in a pamphlet entitled, "Bahrak-Kohl," two Hebrew words, meaning the voice of the lightning. The characters of this little treatise were represented as in the neighborhood of the Jordan.

"The prophet now took from his girdle," says the narrative, "a small instrument resembling a trumpet for the deaf. Coming down to Mohammed, he asked him to turn his right side toward the south and to put the broad end of the instrument to his right ear. The prophet then inquired where his home was.

"My home," replied Mohammed, "is in the extreme south of Arabia, 1,400 miles away."

"Listen now," said the prophet; "doth not hear the sound of waves?"

"I do," replied the sheik. "Where may they be?"

"These waves," answered the prophet, "are the waves of the India ocean breaking upon the Arabian shore."

Further describing the instrument, the prophet said: "The thing before thee is but a rude pattern in part of the coming needed device of man. No such device is required by a prophet of the Lord to entrust the lightning with a message." The prophet speaks, say, he needs but to will, and it is done."—Toronto Globe.

## GREEK ART LONG IN MAKING

Mistaken Idea Too Long Held That It Was a Thing of Spontaneous Growth.

Every now and then some extreme modernist comes forward with the statement that the Greek inspiration has no place in the art of our time. Yet, from a broad modern standpoint, "classic art" has so greatly enlarged its scope and widened its horizon that it seems in no danger of dying out of the present-day world. What used to be called "the classic traditions" have long since died out and given place to new conceptions of the origins of Greek art, and the tendency of modern criticism is also to revise old ideas of late classic styles. Any and all periods of literary development are accepted—in their relation to our own time, rather than as absolute, conservative ideals of beauty.

Archaeology has, in our day, become one of the most vividly interesting and thoroughly alive of pursuits, continually opening up new avenues of inquiry, and giving light and inspiration to the whole field of art. Archaeological discoveries of the last 50 years have shown that the golden age of Greek art was more than 2,000 years in the making. It is strange enough to think that previously it was regarded as a spontaneous growth, with origins veiled in impenetrable mystery. Now, the adventurer into the great regions of knowledge, where the story of Greek civilization unfolds itself, may become possessed of at least the main facts of prehistoric epochs long before Greek art became Greek.—"The Field of Art," in Scribner's.

## Job Led Israel Out of Egypt.

A northern visitor was playing golf on one of the Florida winter resort courses this spring, where the caddies were largely colored boys. Most of the boys he found to be deeply religious. It is open to question whether they read the Bible themselves or absorbed most of their knowledge through their ears, listening to their elders.

The northerner and his caddy were walking down the fairways. "You know considerable about the Bible, Henry," the player said, "I suppose you know that when Jonah led the children of Israel out of the land of Egypt it took them almost a lifetime to get to the promised land."

"No, sir," the colored boy replied, "that wasn't Jonah what led the Israelites. Jonah never done that. It was Job."

Jack Spatt could eat no fat; his wife could eat no lean. You see they spent their money for the Jitney's gasoline.—Fresno, Cal., Republican.

## In That Sense, Anyway.

"Failure is sometimes the beginning of success," says a philosopher. At any rate, seeing one's finish is apt to give one a start.

## Lachrymal.

From a Story—"Her throat was full of tears." From her eye teeth, probably, comments T. M. C.—Boston Transcript.

Fifty Thousand Winks a Day. A nervous person may wink as often, perhaps, as 30,000 times during the sleeping hours of the day.

## VALUABLE HICKORY TIMBER GROWS SCATTERINGLY OVER LARGE AREAS



Group of Hickories—Pignut in the Center, Shagbark on the Sides—Putnam County, Tennessee.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Hickory timber, although held in seemingly vast amount by the forests of the country, may soon become insufficient to meet American manufacturing and woodworking needs. The increasing demand for this valuable species, together with the scattered character of its growth in the forest, has resulted in innumerable stands becoming more and more inaccessible and difficult to log.

**Stands Are Widely Scattered.**

The Forest Service, United States Department of Agriculture, puts the country's present supply of hickory, distributed through 200,000,000 acres of forests, at 15,781,000,000 board feet. Of this the Central states have 1,701,000,000 feet, the lower Mississippi states 5,171,000,000 feet, the South Atlantic and East Gulf states 3,183,000,000 feet, the Middle Atlantic states 412,000,000 board feet, the Lake states 187,000,000 feet, and the New England states 40,000,000 feet.

One of the uses to which hickory is put is the manufacture of spokes for automobile wheels. The yearly demand upon the hickory reserves by this industry alone is tremendous, as there is much waste in getting the select stock necessary not only for spokes but also the rims of wheels.

**Industries Compete for Hickory.**

For the most part vehicle and agricultural implement industries compete with the handle industry for hickory and ash. These are located mainly in the Middle West, but now derive most of their wood supplies from the South. A large number of far-sighted organizations purchased more or less extensive hardwood tracts some years ago, from which they are now able to draw at least a part of their wood supplies.

To secure hickory, which grows scattering over large areas, the vehicle and vehicle-implement industries originally maintained extensive buying, logging, and milling organizations in the South. They draw upon every conceivable source—farmers' woodlots, small mills, large sawmills, and even specialized operations designed to secure hickory alone. These concerns in general carry in stock about a two years' supply of special-dimension stock.

Makers of automobile wheels say that they can still get the material required if they make sufficient effort and pay the price, but it is necessary to go farther and farther away for it. Many inquiries received by the forest service from vehicle implement makers, requesting information on possible substitutes for the woods used in vehicle-making, is merely another indication of the difficulties in getting adequate supplies at the present time and of uncertainty as to the future.

**Ten Different Kinds of Hickories.**

Hickory is often referred to as if it were a single species, like red gum or yellow poplar. In reality there are 10 different kinds of hickory trees. For hickory-handle purposes those known as true hickories are most valuable. The pecan hickories include the water, nutmeg, and bitter nut varieties. The true hickories comprise shagbark, pignut, and mockernut.

The handle industry is largely dependent on this last group of trees for its raw material.

The annual consumption of hickory by the handle trade is something over 120,000,000 feet board measure. Little, if any, of this material passes through the sawmills, for it is ordinarily cut and shipped to the handle factories in the form of log bolts or billets. All hickories do not give the same service when made into handles. The various parts of the same tree may show different properties, and the quality of the wood near the center is quite likely to differ from that nearer the bark.

The wood of the butt of a young hickory tree is of greater average toughness than it is when the tree is old. The wood of butt cuts of both old and young trees is tougher than that cut higher up the trunk. The handle manufacturers, for the most part, demand second-growth hickory, which consists of young stock of rapid growth.

**Best Material for Handles.**

Hickory is the best known material for certain classes of tool handles, such as the ax, adz, pick, hammer, and hatchet. There is a certain strength, toughness and elasticity to hickory which nature has denied to other commercial woods. Some are stronger, many are harder, but the rare combination of the qualities mentioned is lacking in all of them.

**The Point of View.**

One of the most curious things about American politics is that without a single historical exception a partisan is invariably a member of the other party.—Washington Post.

**Up there the sheep and goats will be divided, but down here the sheep are usually the goats.—Eugene, Ore., Daily Guard.**

## HAVE ONLY DUDS THAT FOLD WELL

There Are Many Sorts of Clothes Suitable for the Summer Vacation Trip.

## THE USEFUL BOUDOIR WRAP

Garment Serves for Bath Robe but Can Be Used for Room Gown—Hand-Made Dress and Cape to Match.

These are traveling days for everybody. But how to do the journeying without all the trunks and bags and hat boxes in the world is one of those problems not so easy to solve.

The woman who starts off on her summer vacation burdened with too many dress and hat carriers is bound to have some unhappy moments before she has finished her holidays. She will be far wiser, stated a fashion writer in the New York Times, to study out her needs before she starts away and indulge right from the start in the process of elimination. She can be well dressed in a small space just as efficiently as she can by taking up all the room in her vicinity. It is only necessary to take the right things and the most foldable things along with her.

There are plenty of pretty clothes that really have no place in a traveler's luggage unless that traveler is equipped with a maid or two and pressing facilities galore. Those dresses might just as well remain at home when the average woman is doing her tripping, for they will be of little or no use to her once she has wrested their tangled meshes from the crowded masses of her trunk. Ruffles will not withstand packing unless they are coaxed back to life through the expenditure of much time and energy. And who wants to expend these valuable possessions when off for a summer sputter?

On the other hand, there are so many sorts of clothes, especially among the present styles, that seem fitted by nature to go traveling. They telescope themselves without any assistance, and they come out from the confines of tightly packed luggage looking their own charming selves.

**Plan for Comfort.**

Naturally, these are the frocks to be chosen for the summer, if one is planning with the least foresight and care for one's ultimate comfort. All of the crepe and chiffon dresses, which are so important a part of the present summer wardrobe, fold into small spaces with the greatest of ease and grace. In the first place, they are cut along such "straight" and simple lines that they fairly beg to be packed just to show how particularly well they can stand the strain. A woman may fold them just as she would lay together a piece of straight material, with no more fear that the wrinkles will be noticeable when the dress is dragged from the trunk.

The silken and chiffon materials are woven with such great art and care that they take to packing with no more terror than if they were meant for that alone. In other words, they have such body and flexibility that they need fear no wrinkles or permanent folds, and the owner need fear none for them. She is safe when she keeps to these materials, for they are so adaptable that they will stand her in good stead no matter what demands may be made upon them.

There is much in the way the gowns are cut. The simpler they are the better. For if there is too much draping about them, then they are let in for extra creasings, which may not be so good after much traveling about. But the straight lines fold into small places so naturally that they emerge without showing the traces of packing.

Of course, every woman needs a boudoir wrap of some sort wherever

## SOY BEAN GOOD CATCH CROP

Regular Practice at Missouri Agricultural College and Is Very Successful.

The growing of soy beans as a catch crop after wheat is a regular practice at the Missouri agricultural experiment station and has been very successful. Under some conditions the catch crop is worth as much as the main crop. The beans can be cut for hay in plenty of time for fall seeding of wheat.

## PRODUCTION OF CLOVER SEED

Crop for 1922 Expected to Be Larger Than Last Year—Not as Heavy as 1918.

The 1922 production of crimson clover seed is expected to be larger than last year's small crop, although it will not approach the heavy production of 1918 and 1919, according to reports received by the United States Department of Agriculture.

## Olive Oil Has Rival.

Oil of hibiscus berries, a product of sandy coastal regions of several Brazilian states, is reported to be equal to the best olive oil, both as food and medicine.

## The Point of View.

One of the most curious things about American politics is that without a single historical exception a partisan is invariably a member of the other party.—Washington Post.

**Up there the sheep and goats will be divided, but down here the sheep are usually the goats.—Eugene, Ore., Daily Guard.**

then continues throughout the garment, so that it helps to give form and substance to the thing and, at the same time, adds so little extra weight and bulk that it is scarcely appreciable. At the places where the gown splits and opens the red lining can be seen through the interspaces, and that alone tends to give a trimmed, gaily appearance which is most attractive and which breaks the general design of the all-over pattern in an interesting manner.

One never knows until one owns a garment of this sort—midway between the wrapper and the housegown—what a comfort it can be on a trip. Something of this sort comes to mean com-



Hand-Made Silk Dress With Cape to Match and Collapsible Hat Designed to Fold Easily Into Summer Baggage.

fort in a way nothing else could. Every time the owner puts it on she will thank a kind Providence for having led her to the decision that brought that particular article of apparel into her wardrobe.

The hand-made dress and cape to match is the sort of thing that is born for packing. The fabric is a heavy Canton crepe, and the dress is made along the straightest of lines. There are lines of hemstitching and drawn work for its trimming, and there is not a frill or ruffle below that can suffer from packing. Anyone who has owned one of these frocks knows how small a place they take up when folded together, and how satisfactory they are through many months of wear and tear.

## Cape of Same Material.

This dress has a cape made of the same material and lined with a light-weight crepe de chine. It may be worn with this dress or with others as a light summer evening wrap, and, for that reason, it serves a place in the traveler's wardrobe which cannot easily be taken by any other sort of garment. Presumably the reader has worn a suit while traveling and has carried an extra heavy wrap over her arm, but neither the suitcoat nor the outer wrap is going to serve for evening demands with which she will be confronted, no matter where she goes. But this wrap can be folded into the smallest of spaces and taken on many occasions. Without it a woman would be quite at a loss and if she attempted to pack anything with more weight and body and trimming then she would find herself forced into adding extra luggage to accommodate the extra frills.

Keep the cape simple and the dress simple and half of the traveling battle is fought. And, if the reader follows the scheme, she will have a silk suit which can always be worn for afternoon, often for evening, and sometimes in the morning hours. Moreover, silk is cool, it can stand wet weather and when a cooler day makes its appearance the owner can still look well in a silk dress under her heavier coat. There is no angle from which a dress of this character is not satisfactory, and this season to be right in the height of style it is desirable to have it made of thin *cafe au lait* color which has taken the place of gray in smart circles. It is a color which goes with most everything and which is becoming to many types.

## Avoid Extra Hat Box.

By avoiding the extra hat box, the traveler may save herself all sorts of worry and bother and porter fees. For, with only one bag, she can, in an emergency, drag herself and it around, but with two the situation becomes hopeless. She will find when she starts to shop that there are all sorts of little and becoming hats that can be folded along with dresses as flat as can be, and which will still emerge with none of that mashed appearance. She will live to thank herself for providing herself with this sort of hat instead of the stiffer variety which must be cared for so particularly and which, even then, is apt to come forth after a train or boat trip with that sad and drooping appearance for which there is no salvation.

There are little woolen hats done in bright and interesting colors. Some are made of draped ribbons, and sturdy ones of blocked felt that mash into small places with the greatest agility and come forth to surprise one by their well-groomed look.

## Waterproof Sandpaper.

According to the "Paint, Oil and Chemical Review" of February 1, 1922, a new article has appeared on the market in the form of a waterproof sandpaper. This is especially useful in the painting of automobiles, where it can be used with water at a considerable saving of time in the place of pumice stone. In rubbing out color and color varnish coats, and so on first coats of rubbing varnish.

**Some of Them Are Prominent.** Conscience doesn't make cowards of us all. A lot of people never have bad consciences.

**Always.** The first article in which to stretch any prints is the try-angle.

## Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Call Halt on Old Jokes

Writer Thinks It Time That Some of the Well-Worn Witticisms Were Scrapped.

Correspondent in one of the papers makes a strenuous protest against humorists constantly using jokes that have grown whiskers.

"Why," says he, "do they always refer to live, alert, progressive Philadelphia as sleepy town?"

Really, we can't tell. Last time we were there we didn't get to bed at night. The Pen and Pencil Club never closes.

"What fat man," asks the correspondent, "ever searches for a collar button? What man ever gets down on his knees to propose to a bobbed-haired girl?" and he concludes, "the average mother-in-law is no more troublesome than any other individual."

And he's right. All these old-time jokes should be scrapped; but the task will take some time.

## ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

Mercury, July 27, 1822

B. Hubbard, Post-Master, gives notice that all accounts for postage for letters received must be paid promptly at the end of each quarter; and that no letters will be delivered hereafter to those who have not paid their back quarter's postage. (This sounds odd in these days; but one hundred years ago postage was more than ten times what it is today, and pre-payment of letters was not required.)

At the annual meeting of the Rhode Island Bridge Co. held Monday the following were elected directors: Audley Clarke, Christopher Fowler, Robert Robinson, Jonathan Bowen, George Irish, Christopher G. Channing, Stephen T. Northam, S. Fowler Gardner and William Ellery. Audley Clarke was elected president of the board. (All good old Newport names.)

Died, at Portsmouth, Va., on the 10th inst., Henry Pritchard, an aged, pious, meek and worthy man. His death was occasioned by voluntary abstinence from food; he having taken the resolution to imitate the fasting of our Saviour, for forty days, with the impression that if he accomplished it he would be immortal. All the efforts of his family to divert him from this design were fruitless, and on the 26th day all the organs of life ceased and he ceased to exist.

A man, who was in perfect health a few hours before, was carried home dead to his wife and five children, in consequence of imprudently drinking cold water at a pump.

## FIFTY YEARS AGO

Mercury, July 27, 1872

The last of the examinations of the public schools closed on Wednesday, and although the scholars were generally called upon to master questions of the highest standard which they had ever studied, the success was more than was anticipated. If the committee don't hold up soon they will get the studies so high that every child must have a Daniel Webster brain to get through.

The graduating exercises of the High School took place yesterday, and were of a high order. The Norman medals for scholarship were awarded to Lizzie S. Engs and James R. Christie; the Read medal for moral influence to Robert W. Hammatt; the King medals to Carrie E. Taylor and Alice E. Thompson; a chemical cabinet awarded by Mr. James P. Taylor, for best scholar in the second class, was received by Hattie A. Saunders. In the Clarke Street Grammar school the Read medal was awarded to Frederick Hammatt and the Pell medal to Henry T. Coggeshall.

A singular incident was that of finding no fish, but the body of a man in a seine drawn up at the Second Beach Tuesday by Mr. Joshua Tew. Who the unfortunate one is nobody can tell as yet. Further information can be had by applying to E. Truman Peckham, in Middletown.

We publish this week a list of the cottages rented for the season, and as the families are all here it is sufficient evidence that there is much life and activity in the "City by the Sea." This list takes three solid columns of the Mercury.

Mr. Christopher S. Southwick is prepared to receive company at his grove. He has made many improvements this spring, and is now completing a fine driveway through his woods.

The Golden Age says of Colonel T. W. Higginson of Newport that he seems to have had a very cordial reception in London from literary men, servants, and rascals, generally. Mr. Higginson himself said at a greeting given him by the Century Club that he had never known anything, nor expected to know anything, like the country he had experienced in that country.

There are three female visitors to one male at Narragansett Pier this season.

The Savings Bank of Newport are making great improvements to their banking room. Plans have been drawn by Mr. Dudley Newton and Mr. George H. Wilson is doing the work.

Rev. M. J. Talbot, formerly of this city, was made a D. D. at the recent Commencement of Wesleyan University.

The yachts of the N. Y. Yacht Club will start on their annual cruise to Newport August 15. Rear Commodore Franklin Osgood will be in command.

Charlotte Cushman is reported to have earned \$5,000 last year, by her profession as reader and actress.

The hay crop on this Island is above the average this year; corn has done finely thus far, but potatoes do not look as though they would turn out very well; they run small and few in a hill.

## TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

Mercury, July 31, 1897

This has been a busy week for the members of the Fête committee, and arrangements for the demonstration next Wednesday forenoon, afternoon and evening have already reached that stage of perfection where inclement weather alone can prevent its complete success. Mr. William R. Hunter has been elected Commodore of the Venetian parade, and Col. A. A. Barker chief marshal of the land parade, each with authority to appoint his own aids.

The first week in August promises to be a busy one this year. The United States North Atlantic Squadron will reach here next Tuesday for a ten days' stay, and the New York Yacht Club fleet will arrive next Wednesday, Wednesday and Wednesday evening, will be Fête Day.

Lieutenant Colonel George C. Shaw, who, at the last meeting, declined a re-election, has been an officer of the Newport Artillery Company for nearly

three decades, and had served through the several grades to Lieutenant Colonel. On Tuesday evening last Rev. E. H. Porter, the Chaplain, in behalf of the Company, presented Col. Shaw a set of resolutions beautifully engraved and framed.

Mr. C. M. Gray and wife of Wooster, Ohio, have been in Newport the past week on a visit to their cousin, Mr. G. A. Wilcox.

The diamond mine of Butte, Montana, was sold a few days ago for \$1,800,000. The mine was bought fifteen years ago by Richard Larkey for ninety cents.

The Island potato supply has been considerably reduced by the large shipments made during the past two weeks, and the prices have consequently advanced. For the past two days the price has been \$2.50 per barrel.

A recent funeral procession consisted of two carriages and fifteen bicycles. "What in the world did they want with so many carriages?" asks an ardent L. A. W., thus recalling the historic Kentucky protest over a "whole dollar's worth of bread and only nine dollars' worth of whisky."

The haymakers on the Island are well nigh discouraged in their efforts to complete the hay harvest. The weather the past week has been no better than the fortnight preceding, and decidedly unpropitious for curing hay.

The eighty or more professors and instructors in Brown University are, with few exceptions, in sympathy with President Andrews, and heartily regret the affair which has resulted in his resignation.

The residence of Walter Thompson near Battington Centre, and the cottage of Charles Whiting, on the Ferry road, were struck by lightning last Saturday.

Tuesday was Rhode Island Division, Sons of Temperance, day at Rocky Point. Large delegations were present from all over the State. Newport was well represented.

## Sheriff's Sale

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS

Sheriff's Office, Newport, R. I.

April 27th, A. D. 1922

BY VIRTUE and in pursuance of an Execution Number 8152 issued out of the District Court of the First Judicial District of Rhode Island within and for the County of Newport, on the 21st day of April A. D. 1922, and returnable to the said Court July 21st, A. D. 1922, upon a Judgment rendered by said Court on the 31st day of January, A. D. 1922, in favor of Franklin C. Cummings, of Newport, plaintiff, and against John L. Cummings, alias John Doe, of Newport, in said County, defendant, I have this day at 5 minutes past 7 o'clock p. m., levied the said Execution on all the right, title and interest which the said defendant, John L. Cummings, alias, had on the 18th day of December, A. D. 1921, at 65 minutes past 3 o'clock p. m., the time of the attachment on the original suit, in and to a certain lot or parcel of land, all the buildings and improvements thereon situated in said City of Newport, in said County of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, and bounded and described as follows:

Beginning at a point on the easterly side of Thames street, distant fifty feet, more or less, from the corner of Thames and Touro streets, running thence easterly 51.9 feet, thence southerly 35.6 feet, thence westerly 16.2 feet, thence northerly 41.4 feet, thence westerly 73 feet, to the easterly side of Thames street, and northerly 24.8 feet, to the point of beginning, together with all the right of way and other easements thereon appurtenant as is set out in a certain deed recorded in Vol. 93 of the Land Evidence of Newport at page 266, be all of the said measurements more or less or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described.

Beginning 300 feet on Smith street, Easterly 50 feet, to land of Smith, Westerly on land of Robert Welsh, and Northerly on land of Annie R. Cummings, E. Sestrom and Samuel Harte, and containing about 17,875 sq. feet of land, be all of the said measurements more or less, or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described.

Beginning 300 feet on Smith street, Easterly 50 feet, to land of Smith, Westerly on land of Robert Welsh, and Northerly on land of Annie R. Cummings, E. Sestrom and Samuel Harte, and containing about 17,875 sq. feet of land, be all of the said measurements more or less, or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described.

Beginning 300 feet on Smith street, Easterly 50 feet, to land of Smith, Westerly on land of Robert Welsh, and Northerly on land of Annie R. Cummings, E. Sestrom and Samuel Harte, and containing about 17,875 sq. feet of land, be all of the said measurements more or less, or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described.

Beginning 300 feet on Smith street, Easterly 50 feet, to land of Smith, Westerly on land of Robert Welsh, and Northerly on land of Annie R. Cummings, E. Sestrom and Samuel Harte, and containing about 17,875 sq. feet of land, be all of the said measurements more or less, or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described.

Beginning 300 feet on Smith street, Easterly 50 feet, to land of Smith, Westerly on land of Robert Welsh, and Northerly on land of Annie R. Cummings, E. Sestrom and Samuel Harte, and containing about 17,875 sq. feet of land, be all of the said measurements more or less, or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described.

Beginning 300 feet on Smith street, Easterly 50 feet, to land of Smith, Westerly on land of Robert Welsh, and Northerly on land of Annie R. Cummings, E. Sestrom and Samuel Harte, and containing about 17,875 sq. feet of land, be all of the said measurements more or less, or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described.

Beginning 300 feet on Smith street, Easterly 50 feet, to land of Smith, Westerly on land of Robert Welsh, and Northerly on land of Annie R. Cummings, E. Sestrom and Samuel Harte, and containing about 17,875 sq. feet of land, be all of the said measurements more or less, or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described.

Beginning 300 feet on Smith street, Easterly 50 feet, to land of Smith, Westerly on land of Robert Welsh, and Northerly on land of Annie R. Cummings, E. Sestrom and Samuel Harte, and containing about 17,875 sq. feet of land, be all of the said measurements more or less, or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described.

Beginning 300 feet on Smith street, Easterly 50 feet, to land of Smith, Westerly on land of Robert Welsh, and Northerly on land of Annie R. Cummings, E. Sestrom and Samuel Harte, and containing about 17,875 sq. feet of land, be all of the said measurements more or less, or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described.

Beginning 300 feet on Smith street, Easterly 50 feet, to land of Smith, Westerly on land of Robert Welsh, and Northerly on land of Annie R. Cummings, E. Sestrom and Samuel Harte, and containing about 17,875 sq. feet of land, be all of the said measurements more or less, or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described.

Beginning 300 feet on Smith street, Easterly 50 feet, to land of Smith, Westerly on land of Robert Welsh, and Northerly on land of Annie R. Cummings, E. Sestrom and Samuel Harte, and containing about 17,875 sq. feet of land, be all of the said measurements more or less, or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described.

Beginning 300 feet on Smith street, Easterly 50 feet, to land of Smith, Westerly on land of Robert Welsh, and Northerly on land of Annie R. Cummings, E. Sestrom and Samuel Harte, and containing about 17,875 sq. feet of land, be all of the said measurements more or less, or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described.

Beginning 300 feet on Smith street, Easterly 50 feet, to land of Smith, Westerly on land of Robert Welsh, and Northerly on land of Annie R. Cummings, E. Sestrom and Samuel Harte, and containing about 17,875 sq. feet of land, be all of the said measurements more or less, or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described.

Beginning 300 feet on Smith street, Easterly 50 feet, to land of Smith, Westerly on land of Robert Welsh, and Northerly on land of Annie R. Cummings, E. Sestrom and Samuel Harte, and containing about 17,875 sq. feet of land, be all of the said measurements more or less, or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described.

Beginning 300 feet on Smith street, Easterly 50 feet, to land of Smith, Westerly on land of Robert Welsh, and Northerly on land of Annie R. Cummings, E. Sestrom and Samuel Harte, and containing about 17,875 sq. feet of land, be all of the said measurements more or less, or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described.

Beginning 300 feet on Smith street, Easterly 50 feet, to land of Smith, Westerly on land of Robert Welsh, and Northerly on land of Annie R. Cummings, E. Sestrom and Samuel Harte, and containing about 17,875 sq. feet of land, be all of the said measurements more or less, or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described.

Beginning 300 feet on Smith street, Easterly 50 feet, to land of Smith, Westerly on land of Robert Welsh, and Northerly on land of Annie R. Cummings, E. Sestrom and Samuel Harte, and containing about 17,875 sq. feet of land, be all of the said measurements more or less, or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described.

Beginning 300 feet on Smith street, Easterly 50 feet, to land of Smith, Westerly on land of Robert Welsh, and Northerly on land of Annie R. Cummings, E. Sestrom and Samuel Harte, and containing about 17,875 sq. feet of land, be all of the said measurements more or less, or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described.

Beginning 300 feet on Smith street, Easterly 50 feet, to land of Smith, Westerly on land of Robert Welsh, and Northerly on land of Annie R. Cummings, E. Sestrom and Samuel Harte, and containing about 17,875 sq. feet of land, be all of the said measurements more or less, or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described.

Beginning 300 feet on Smith street, Easterly 50 feet, to land of Smith, Westerly on land of Robert Welsh, and Northerly on land of Annie R. Cummings, E. Sestrom and Samuel Harte, and containing about 17,875 sq. feet of land, be all of the said measurements more or less, or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described.

Beginning 300 feet on Smith street, Easterly 50 feet, to land of Smith, Westerly on land of Robert Welsh, and Northerly on land of Annie R. Cummings, E. Sestrom and Samuel Harte, and containing about 17,875 sq. feet of land, be all of the said measurements more or less, or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described.

Beginning 300 feet on Smith street, Easterly 50 feet, to land of Smith, Westerly on land of Robert Welsh, and Northerly on land of Annie R. Cummings, E. Sestrom and Samuel Harte, and containing about 17,875 sq. feet of land, be all of the said measurements more or less, or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described.

Beginning 300 feet on Smith street, Easterly 50 feet, to land of Smith, Westerly on land of Robert Welsh, and Northerly on land of Annie R. Cummings, E. Sestrom and Samuel Harte, and containing about 17,875 sq. feet of land, be all of the said measurements more or less, or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described.

Beginning 300 feet on Smith street, Easterly 50 feet, to land of Smith, Westerly on land of Robert Welsh, and Northerly on land of Annie R. Cummings, E. Sestrom and Samuel Harte, and containing about 17,875 sq. feet of land, be all of the said measurements more or less, or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described.

Beginning 300 feet on Smith street, Easterly 50 feet, to land of Smith, Westerly on land of Robert Welsh, and Northerly on land of Annie R. Cummings, E. Sestrom and Samuel Harte, and containing about 17,875 sq. feet of land, be all of the said measurements more or less, or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described.

Beginning 300 feet on Smith street, Easterly 50 feet, to land of Smith, Westerly on land of Robert Welsh, and Northerly on land of Annie R. Cummings, E. Sestrom and Samuel Harte, and containing about 17,875 sq. feet of land, be all of the said measurements more or less, or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described.

Beginning 300 feet on Smith street, Easterly 50 feet, to land of Smith, Westerly on land of Robert Welsh, and Northerly on land of Annie R. Cummings, E. Sestrom and Samuel Harte, and containing about 17,875 sq. feet of land, be all of the said measurements more or less, or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described.

Beginning 300 feet on Smith street, Easterly 50 feet, to land of Smith, Westerly on land of Robert Welsh, and Northerly on land of Annie R. Cummings, E. Sestrom and Samuel Harte, and containing about 17,875 sq. feet of land, be all of the said measurements more or less, or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described.

Beginning 300 feet on Smith street, Easterly 50 feet, to land of Smith, Westerly on land of Robert Welsh, and Northerly on land of Annie R. Cummings, E. Sestrom and Samuel Harte, and containing about 17,875 sq. feet of land, be all of the said measurements more or less, or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described.

Beginning 300 feet on Smith street, Easterly 50 feet, to land of Smith, Westerly on land of Robert Welsh, and Northerly on land of Annie R. Cummings, E. Sestrom and Samuel Harte, and containing about 17,875 sq. feet of land, be all of the said measurements more or less, or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described.

Beginning 300 feet on Smith street, Easterly 50 feet, to land of Smith, Westerly on land of Robert Welsh, and Northerly on land of Annie R. Cummings, E. Sestrom and Samuel Harte, and containing about 17,875 sq. feet of land, be all of the said measurements more or less, or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described.

Beginning 300 feet on Smith street, Easterly 50 feet, to land of Smith, Westerly on land of Robert Welsh, and Northerly on land of Annie R. Cummings, E. Sestrom and Samuel Harte, and containing about 17,875 sq. feet of land, be all of the said measurements more or less, or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described.

Beginning 300 feet on Smith street, Easterly 50 feet, to land of Smith, Westerly on land of Robert Welsh, and Northerly on land of Annie R. Cummings, E. Sestrom and Samuel Harte, and containing about 17,875 sq. feet of land, be all of the said measurements more or less, or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described.

Beginning 300 feet on Smith street, Easterly 50 feet, to land of Smith, Westerly on land of Robert Welsh, and Northerly on land of Annie R. Cummings, E. Sestrom and Samuel Harte, and containing about 17,875 sq. feet of land, be all of the said measurements more or less, or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described.

Beginning 300 feet on Smith street, Easterly 50 feet, to land of Smith, Westerly on land of Robert Welsh, and Northerly on land of Annie R. Cummings, E. Sestrom and Samuel Harte, and containing about 17,875 sq. feet of land, be all of the said measurements more or less, or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described.

Beginning 300 feet on Smith street, Easterly 50 feet, to land of Smith, Westerly on land of Robert Welsh, and Northerly on